Phillipa Pottatt

Poems, &c.

Written upon ſeveral

OCCASIONS,

And to ſeveral

PERSONS:

BY

EDMOND WALLER, Eſq;

The fourth Edition, with ſeveral Additions,

Never before Printed.

Non ego mordaci diſtrinxi carmine quenquam,
Nulla venenato littera Miſta ioco eſt.

LONDON,
Printed for **Henry Herringman**, at the *Anchor* in the Lower-Walk of the *New-Exchange*, 1682.

Sed Carmina major jmago. Ouid:

Sed Carmina major imago

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The Printer

TO THE

READER

Hen the Author of these Verses (Written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since, He was troubled to find his name in print, but somewhat satisfied to see his lines so ill rendred that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking Printer, as one did to an ill Reciter, —— Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuum. *Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults, (such as use to be in Impressions wholly neglected by the Authors) his answer was, that he made these when ill verses had more favour and escaped better, than good ones do in this age; the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung upon his Book as the Turks hang old rags (or such like ugly things) upon their fairest Horses and other goodly Creatures, to secure them against fascination; and for*

those of a more Confin'd understanding (who pretend not to Censure) as they admire most what they least comprehend, so his Verses (maimed to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might that way at least have a Title to some Admiration, which is no small matter, if what an old Author observes be true, That the aim, of Orators, is victory; of Historians Truth; and of Poets Admiration; He had reason therefore to indulge those faults in his Book whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The Printer also he thought would fare the worse, if those faults were amended; for we see maimed statues sell better than whole ones, and clipt and washt Money go about when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up. These are the reasons which for above twelve years past he has opposed to our request; To which it was replyed, that as it would be too late to recall that which had so long been made publick, so might it find excuse from his Youth (the season it was produced in) And for what had been done since and now added, if it commend not his Poetry It might his Philosophy, which teaches him so cheerfully to bear so great a Calamity, as the loss of the best part of his fortune (torn from him in Prison, in which, and in banishment the best portion of his life hath also been spent) that he can still sing under the burthen, not unlike that Roman

——Quem demisere Philppi
Decisis humilem pennis inopemque Paterni
Et Laris, et fundi ——

Whose

Whose spreading wings the Civil war had clipt,
And him of his old Patrimony stript.
Who yet not long after could say.
Musis amicus Tristitiam & Metus
Tradam protervis in Mare Creticum
Portare ventis. —— ——
They that acquainted with the Muses be
send care and sorrow by the winds, to sea.
Not so much moved with these reasons of ours (or pleas'd with our Rhimes) as wearied with our importunity, He has at last given us leave, To assure the Reader, That the Poems which have been so long and so ill set forth under his name, are here to be found as he first writ them; as also to add some others which have since been composed by him. And though his advice to the contrary might have discouraged us, yet observing how often they have been reprinted, what price they have born, and how earnestly they have been always inquired after, but especially of late making good that of Horace,
—— Meliora dies, ut Vina Poemata reddit; *Some Verses being (like some Wines) recommended to our Taste by Time and Age, we have ventured upon this new and well corrected Edition, which for our own sakes, as well as thine we, hope will succeed better than he apprehended.*

Vivitur ingenio, Cætera mortis erunt.

Postscript.

NOt having the ſame argument as at firſt to perſwade the Author that I might print his Verſes more correctly, which he found ſo ill done at his return; I have now adventured, without giving him farther trouble by importuning him for a new permiſſion, to collect all that I can find, either left out of the former Edition, or ſuch as have bin ſince made by him; to which I am the more encouraged, becauſe the firſt (thô moſt of them were compos'd above fifty years ſince) ſeem ſtill new, which would be more ſtrange in ſo changing a Language, had it not bin by him improv'd, which may make one think it true that I have heard from ſome learned Criticks, that *Virgil* when he ſaid —— *Nova carmina pango.* Meant not verſes that were never ſeen before (for in that ſence all at firſt are new) but ſuch as he thought might be ever new. May theſe ſtill appear to be ſo for the diverſion of the Readers, and intereſt of

Their Humble Servant.

THE

THE TABLE.

The

The Table.

On

On

Upon

FINIS.

The Table.

TO THE KING

On His NAVY.

WHere e're thy Navy ſpreads her canvas wings
Homage to thee, and Peace to all ſhe brings;
The *French* and *Spainard* when thy Flags appear
Forget their Hatred, and conſent to Fear.
So *Jove* from *Ida* did both hoſts ſurvey,
And when he pleas'd to Thunder part the fray.
Ships heretofore in Seas like Fiſhes ſped;
The mightieſt ſtill upon the ſmalleſt fed;
Thou on the deep impoſeſt Nobler Laws,
And by that Juſtice haſt remov'd the Cauſe

Of thoſe rude Tempeſts which for rapine ſent,
Too oft alas, involv'd the innocent.
Now ſhall the Ocean as thy *Thames* be free
From both thoſe fates of Storms and Piracy:
But we moſt happy, who can fear no force
But winged Troops, or Pegaſean Horſe:
'Tis not ſo hard for greedy foes to ſpoil
Another Nation as to tuch our ſoil:
Should Natures ſelf invade the world again,
And o're the Center ſpread the liquid Main,
Thy power were ſafe, and her deſtructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command;
Thy dreadful Fleet would ſtile thee Lord of all,
And ride in Triumph o're the drowned ball.
Thoſe Towers of Oak o're fertile plains might goe
And viſit Mountains where they once did grow.
The Worlds Reſtorer never could endure
That finiſh'd *Babel* ſhould thoſe men ſecure,

Whoſe

Whoſe Pride deſign'd that fabrick to have ſtood
Above the reach of any ſecond Flood:
To thee his Choſen more indulgent, he
Dares truſt ſuch Power with ſo much Piety.

Of the danger His Majeſty (being Prince) eſcaped in the Road at Saint Andrews.

NOw had his Highneſs bid farewell to *Spain*,
And reacht the ſphere of his own power, the (main,
With Britiſh bounty in his Ship he feaſts,
Th'Heſperian Princes, his amazed gueſts;
To find that watry Wilderneſs exceed
The entertainment of their great *Madrid*.
Healths to both Kings attended with the rore
Of Cannons eccho'd from th'affrighted ſhoar,
With loud reſemblance of his Thunder prove
Bacchus the ſeed of Cloud compelling *Jove*;

While to his Harp Divine *Arion* ſings
The Loves and Conqueſts of our *Albion* Kings.
Of the fourth *Edward* was his Noble ſong,
Fierce, Goodly, Valiant, Beautiful and Young.
He rent the Crown from vanquiſht *Henries* head,
Rais'd the white Roſe and trampled on the Red:
Till Love triumphing o're the Victors pride,
Brought *Mars* and *Warwick* to the Conquer'd ſide;
Neglected *Warwick* (whoſe bold hand like fate,
Gives and reſumes the Scepter of our State)
Wooes for his Maſter, and with double ſhame
Himſelf deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
The Lady *Bona*, whome juſt anger burns,
And Forein War with Civil Rage returns:
Ah ſpare your Sword, where Beauty is too blame,
Love gave th' Affront, and muſt repair the ſame: (eyes
When *France* ſhall boaſt of her, whoſe conquering
Have made the beſt of *Engliſh* hearts their prize;

Have

Have power to alter the decrees of fate,
And change again the Counſels of our State.
What the Prophetick Muſe intends, alone
To him that feels the ſecret wound is known.
With the ſweet ſound of this harmonious lay
About the Keel delighted Dolphins play,
Too ſure a ſign of Seas enſuing rage,
Which muſt anon this Royal Troop engage:
To whom ſoft ſleep ſeems more ſecure and ſweet
Within the Town commanded by our Fleet.
Theſe mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded Barge,
Proud with the burden of ſo brave a charge,
With painted Oars the Youths begin to ſweep
Neptunes ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep,
Which ſoon becoms the ſeat of ſudden War
Between the Wind and Tide that fiercely jar;
As when a ſort of luſty Shepherds try
Their force at Foot-ball, care of victory

Makes them ſalute ſo rudely breaſt to breaſt,
That their encounters ſeem too rough for jeſt;
They ply their feet, and ſtill the reſtleſs ball
Toſt too and fro is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful Barge 'twixt Tide and Winds,
And like effect of their contention finds;
Yet the bold Britains ſtill ſecurely row'd,
Charles and his Virtue was their ſacred load;
Than which a greater pledge heaven could not give
That the good boat this Tempeſt ſhould outlive:
But ſtorms encreaſe, and now no hope of grace
Among them ſhines, ſave in the Princes face,
The reſt reſign their courage, skill and ſight
To danger, horrour, and unwelcome night.
The gentle Veſſel, wont with ſtate and pride
On the ſmooth back of ſilver *Thames* to ride,
Wanders Aſtoniſh'd in the angry main,
As *Titans* Car did, while the golden rein

Fill'd

Fill'd the young hand of his advent'rous ſon
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whoſe deſire
Waves threaten now, as that was skar'd by fire.
Th'impatient ſea grows impotent and raves
That (night aſſiſting) his impetuous waves
Should find reſiſtance from ſo light a thing;
Theſe ſurges ruine, thoſe our ſafety bring.
Th'oppreſſed veſſel doth the charge abide,
Only becauſe aſſail'd on every ſide:
So men with rage and paſſion ſet on fire,
Trembling for haſt, impeach their mad deſire.
The pale *Iberians* had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care,
To ſee the Prince with danger mov'd no more
Than with the Pleaſures of their Court before.
God-like his courage ſeem'd, whom nor delight
Could ſoften, nor the face of death affright;

Next to the power of making Tempeſts ceaſe,
Was in that ſtorm to have ſo calm a peace.
Great *Maro* could no greater Tempeſt feign
When the loud Winds uſurping on the Main,
For angry *Juno* labour'd to deſtroy
The hated reliques of confounded *Troy:*
His bold *Æneas*, on like Billows toſt,
In a tall Ship and all his Country loſt,
Diſſolves with fear, and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quel'd.
In Honourable fight, our *Hero* ſet
In a ſmall ſhallop fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of Crowns and Scepters, more
Than ever *Priam*, when he flouriſh'd, wore,
His Loyns yet full of ungot Princes, all
His Glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues Fear; if any thought annoys
The gallant youth, 'tis Loves untaſted joys,

And

And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his Heart in *France*,
Where he had ſeen a brighter Nymph than ſhe
That ſprung out of his preſent foe, the Sea;
That noble Ardor, more than mortal Fire,
The Conquered Ocean could not make expire,
Nor angry *Thetis*, raiſe her waves above
Th'Heroick Prince's Courage, or his Love,
'Twas Indignation, and not Fear he felt,
The ſhrine ſhould periſh where that Image dwelt.

Ah Love forbid, the Nobleſt of thy Train
Should not ſurvive to let her know his pain:
Who nor his Peril minding, nor his Flame,
Is entertain'd with ſome leſs ſerious Game
Among the bright Nymphs of the Gallique Court,
All highly born, obſequious to her ſport:
They Roſes ſeem, which in their early pride,
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide;

She

She the glad morning which her beams does throw
Upon their ſmiling leaves, and gilds them ſo;
Like bright *Aurora*, whoſe refulgent Ray
Foretells the fervor of enſuing day,
And warns the Shepherd with his Flocks retreat
To leaiſe ſhadows from the threatned heat
From *Cupids* ſtrings of many ſhafts that fled
wing'd with thoſe plumes which noble fame had ſhed
As through the wondring world ſhe flew and told
Of his adventures haughty, brave and bold,
Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid,
But love's firſt ſummons ſeldome are obey'd.
Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
His glorious name had ſo poſſeſt her ears,
That with delight thoſe antique tales ſhe hears
Of *Jaſon*, *Theſeus*, and ſuch Worthies old,
As with his ſtory beſt reſemblance hold.

And

And now ſhe views, as on the wall it hung
What old *Muſeus* ſo Divinely ſung;
Which Art with life and love did ſo inſpire
That ſhe diſcerns, and favours that deſire,
which there provokes th'advent'rous youth to ſwim
And in *Leanders* danger pities him.
Whoſe not new love alone, but fortune ſeeks
To frame his ſtory like the amorous Greeks.

For from the ſtern of ſome good Ship appears
A friendly light which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o're the waves that Taper make;
On which the hope of all their Lives depends,
As his on that fair *Hero*'s hand extends.

The Ship at anchor like a fixed Rock
Breaks the proud Billow which her large ſides knock;
Whoſe rage reſtrained foaming higher ſwels,
And from her Port the weary Barge repels;

Threat-

Threatning to make her forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.
Twice was the Cable hurl'd in vain; the fates
Would not be moved for our ſiſter States:
For *England* is the third ſucceſsful throw,
And then the Genius of that Land they know:
Whoſe Prince muſt be (as their own Books deviſe)
Lord of the Scene, where now his danger lies.
Well ſung the *Roman* Bard, all human things
Of dereſt value, hang on ſlender ſtrings.
O ſee the then ſole hope, and in deſign
Of Heaven our joy ſupported by a line:
Which for that inſtant was Heaven's care above
The chain that's fixed to the Throne of *Jove*;
On which the fabrick of our World depends,
One Link diſſolv'd, the whole Creation ends.

Of

Of His Majeſtie's *receiving the News of the Duke of* Buckingham's *Death.*

SO earneſt with thy God, can no new care,
No ſenſe of danger interrupt thy Prayer;
The ſacred Wreſtler till a bleſſing given
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heaven;
Nor was the ſtream of thy Devotion ſtopp'd,
When from the Body ſuch a Limb was lopp'd,
As to thy preſent ſtate was no leſs maim,
Though thy wiſe choice has ſince repair'd the ſame.
Bold *Homer* durſt not ſo great Virtue feign
In his beſt pattern, of *Patroclus* ſlain,
With ſuch amazement as weak Mothers uſe,
And frantick geſture he receives the news:
Yet fell his Darling by th'impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by Royal *Hectors* Launce;

Thine

Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.
The famous Painter could allow no place
For private sorrow in a Princes face;
Yet that his piece might not exceed belief,
He cast a veil upon supposed grief.
'Twas want of such a president as this
Made the old heathen frame their gods amiss.
Their *Phœbus* should not act a fonder part
For their fair Boy, than he did for his Heart;
Nor blame for *Hyacinthus* fate his own (known.
That kept from him wish'd death, hadst thou been
He that with thine shall weigh good *David*'s deeds,
Shall find his Passion, not his Love exceeds;
He curst the mountains where his brave friend dy'd
But let false *Ziba* with his Heir divide:
Where thy immortal Love to thy best Friends,
Like that of Heaven upon their Seed descends:

Such

Such huge extreams inhabit thy great mind,
God-like unmov'd, and yet like Woman kind,
Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
Our *Charles* His Pedigree from Heaven, and taught
How ſome bright Dame compreſt by mighty *Jove*
Produc'd this mixt Divinity and Love ?

To the Queen, occaſioned upon ſight of Her Majeſties Picture.

WEll fare the hand which to our humble ſight
Preſents that Beauty which the dazling (Light
Of Royal ſplendor hides from weaker eyes;
And all acceſs (ſave by this Art) denies.
Here only we have Courage to behold
This beam of Glory, here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive;
The gracious Image ſeeming to give leave

Pro-

Propitious ſtands, vouchſafing to be ſeen;
And by our Muſe ſaluted

Mighty Queen.

In whom th'extreams of Power and Beauty move,
The Queen of *Britain* and the Queen of Love.
As the bright Sun (to which we owe no ſight)
Of equal Glory to your Beauties light,
Is wiſely plac'd in ſo ſublime a ſeat
T'extend his light, and moderate his heat:
So happy 'tis you move in ſuch a ſphear
As your High Majeſty with awful fear,
In humane Breaſts might qualifie that Fire
Which kindled by thoſe Eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the ſcorched World like hazard run
By the approach of the ill guided Sun.
No other Nymphs have Title to mens hearts,
But as their Meanneſs larger hope imparts:

Your

Your beauty more the fondeſt Lover moves
With admiration than his private loves;
With admiration, for a pitch ſo high
(Save ſacred *Charles* his) never love du ſt fly.
Heaven that preferr'd a Scepter to your hand
Favour'd our freedom, more than your command,
Beauty had crown'd you, and you muſt have been
The whole worlds miſtris, other than a Queen.
All had been Rival's; and you might have ſpar'd,
Or kill'd and tyranniz'd without a guard.
No power atchiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals loves empire, both in heaven and earth.
Such eyes as yours, on *Jove* himſelf have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own:
Witneſs our *Jove* prevented by their flame
In his ſwift paſſage to th' Heſperian Dame,
When (like a Lion) finding in his way
To ſome intended ſpoil a fairer prey.

The Royal youth purſuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the Gallique Court:
There publique care with private paſſion fought
A doubtful combate in his noble thought.
Should he confeſs his greatneſs, and his love,
And the free faith of your great brother prove,
With his *Achates* breaking through the cloud
Of that diſguiſe which did their graces ſhroud,
And mixing with thoſe gallants at the ball,
Dance with the Ladies and out-ſhine them all,
Or on his journey o're the mountains ride;
So when the fair *Leucothee* he eſpy'd
To check his ſteeds, impatient *Phœbus* earn'd,
Though all the world was in his courſe concern'd.
What may hereafter her Meridian do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warm'd his boſome ſo?
Not ſo divine a flame, ſince deathleſs gods
Forbore to viſit the defil'd abodes

Of

Of men, in any mortal breaſt did burn,
Nor ſhall till Piety and they return.

Upon His Majeſties *repairing of* Pauls.

THat ſhipwrackt veſſel which th' Apoſtle bore
Scarce ſuffer'd more upon *Melitas* ſhore,
Than did his Temple in the ſea of Time
(Our Nations Glory, and our Nations Crime)
When the firſt Monarch of this happy Iſle
Mov'd with the ruine of ſo brave a pile,
This work of coſt and piety begun
To be accompliſh'd by his glorious Son;
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wiſe Sire, has to perfection brought.
He like *Amphion* makes thoſe quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:

For in his art of Regiments is found
A power like that of Harmony in ſound. (Kings,
Thoſe antique Minſtrels ſure were *Charls*-like
Cities their Lutes, and Subjects hearts their Strings;
On which with ſo divine a hand they ſtrook
Conſent of motion from their breath they took.
So all our minds with his conſpire to grace
The Gentiles great Apoſtle, and deface
Thoſe State-obſcuring ſhed, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;
Which the glad Saint ſhakes off at his command,
As once the Viper from his ſacred hand:
So joyes the aged Oak when we divide
The creeping Ivy from his injur'd ſide.
Ambition rather would effect the ſame
Of ſome new ſtructure, to have born her name,
Two diſtant Virtues in one act we find
The Modeſty, and Greatneſs of his mind;

Which

Which not content to be above the rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth ſecure, doth higher clime,
And things half ſwallow'd from the jaws of Time
Reduce, an earneſt of his grand deſign
To frame no new Church, but the Old refine,
Which Spouſe-like may with comly grace command
More than by force of argument or hand.
For doubtfull reaſon few can apprehend,
And War brings ruine, where it ſhould amend:
But beauty with a bloodleſs conqueſt finds
A welcome ſovereignty in rudeſt minds.

Nor ought which *Shebas* wondring Queen beheld
Amongſt the works of *Solomon* excell'd
His ſhips and building, emblems of a heart
Large both in Magnanimity and Art:
While the propitious heavens this work attend,
Long wanted ſhowers they forget to ſend;

As if they ment to make it underſtood
Of more importance than our vital food.

The Sun which riſeth to ſalute the Quire
Already finiſh'd, ſetting ſhall admire
How privat bounty could ſo far extend;
The King built all, but *Charls* the Weſtern end:
So proud a fabrick to devotion given,
At once it threatneth and obligeth heaven.

Leomedon that had the gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the ſacred day,
Could no ſuch ſtructure raiſe, *Troy* wall'd ſo high,
Th' *Atrides* might as well have forc'd the sky.

Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings
To ſee ſuch power employ'd in peaceful things.
They liſt not urge it to the dreadful field,
The task is eaſier to deſtroy than build.

——— *Sic gratia Regum*
Pieriis tentata modis. Horat.

The Country to my Lady of Carlile.

Madam,

OF all the ſacred Muſe inſpir'd,
Orpheus alone could with the Woods comply;
Their rude Inhabitants his Song admir'd,
And Natures ſelf in thoſe that could not lye.
Your Beauty next our Solitude invades,
And warms us, Shining through the Thickeſt ſhades.

Nor ought the Tribute which the wondring Court
Pays your fair Eyes, prevail with you to ſcorn
The anſwer and conſent to that report
Which Eccho-like the Country do's return:
Mirrors are taught to Flatter, but our Springs
Preſent th' impartial Images of things.

A Rural Judge diſpos'd of Beauties prize,
A ſimple Shepherd was preferr'd to *Jove*,

Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies
Came *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that which was so justly given
To the bright *Carlile* of the Court of Heaven.

Carlile a Name which all our words are taught,
Loud as his *Amarillis* to resound;
Carlile a Name which on the Bark is wrought
Of every Tree that's worthy of the Wound.
From *Phœbus* rage, our Shadows, and our Streams,
May guard us better than from *Carliles* beams.

The Countess of Carlile *in Mourning.*

When from black Clouds no part of Sky is clear,
But just so much as lets the Sun appear
Heaven then would seem thy Image, and reflect
Those Sable Vestments, and that Bright Aspect.

A ſpark of Virtue by the deepeſt ſhade
Of Sad adverſity is Fairer made;
Nor leſs advantage doth thy beauty get
A *Venus* riſing from a ſea of jet.
Such was th' appearance of new formed Light
While yet it ſtrugled with Eternal night:
Then mourn no more leſt thou admit encreaſe
Of glory by thy noble Lords deceaſe.
We find not that the the Laughter-loving dame
Mourn'd for *Anchiſes*; 'twas enough ſhe came
To grace the mortal with her deathleſs bed,
And that his living eyes ſuch beauty fed;
Had ſhe been there, untimely joy through all
Mens hearts diffus'd, had mar'd the funeral.
Thoſe eyes were made to baniſh grief: as well
Bright *Phœbus* might affect in ſhades do dwell,
As they to put on ſorrow; nothing ſtands
But power to grieve, exempt from thy command:

If thou lament, thou must do so alone,
Grief in thy presence, can lay hold on none.
Yet still persist the memory to love
Of that great *Mercury* of our mighty *Jove*,
Who by the power of his enchanting tongue
Swords from the hands of threathing Monarchs (wrung
War he prevented, or soon made it cease,
Instructing Princes in the arts of Peace:
Such as made *Sheba*'s curious Queen resort
To the large-hearted Hebrews famous Court.
Had *Homer* sat amongst his wondring guests,
He might have learn'd at those stupendious feasts,
With greater bounty, and more sacred state
The banquet of the gods to celebrate.
But O! what elocution might he use,
What potent charms that could so soon infuse
His absent masters love into the heart
Of *Henrietta*, forcing her to part

From

From her lov'd Brother, Country, and the Sun,
And like *Camilla* o're the Waves to run
Into his arms, while the Pariſian Dames
Mourn for their Raviſh't glory, at their flames
No leſs amaz'd, than the amazed ſtarrs,
When the bold Charmer of *Theſſalian* Wars
With heaven it ſelf, and numbers does repeat,
Which call deſcending *Cynthia* from her Seat.

In anſwer to One who Writ againſt a fair Lady

WHat fury has provok't thy Wit to dare
With *Diomede*, to wound the Queen of Love,
Thy Miſtriſs's Envy, or thine own Deſpair?
Not the juſt *Pallas* in thy breaſt did move
So blind a Rage with ſuch a different fate,
He Honour won, where thou haſt purchaſt Hate.

She

She gave assistance to his Trojan foe;
Thou that without a Rival thou mayest love,
Dost to the Beauty of this Lady owe,
While after her the Gazing world does move.
Canst thou not be content to Love alone,
Or is thy Mistriss not content with one?
Hast thou not read of fairy *Arthurs* shield,
Which but disclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful Field?
So shall thy Rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambicks swell into a Book,
All were confuted with one Radiant look.
Heaven he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies,
Rewarding *Phœbus*, for inspiring so
His noble Brain, by likening to those Eyes
His joyful beams, but *Phœbus* is thy foe,
And neither aids thy fancy nor thy sight,
So ill thou Rim'st against so fair a Light.

On my Lady Dorothy Sidneys *Picture.*

SUch was *Philoclea*, ſuch *Mucidorus* flame;
The matchleſs *Sidney* that immortal frame
Of perfect Beauty on two Pillars plac't;
Not his, high Fancy could one pattern grac't
With ſuch extremes of Excellence compoſe,
Wonders ſo diſtant in one Face diſcloſe:
Such Cheerful modeſty, ſuch Humble ſtate,
Moves Certain love, but with as Doubtful fate.
As when beyond our Greedy reach we ſee,
Inviting fruit on too ſublime a Tree.
All the rich Flowers through his *Arcadia* found,
Amaz'd we ſee, in this one Garland bound.
Had but this Copy, which the Artiſt took
From the fair Picture of that noble Book,

Stood

Stood at *Calanders*, the brave friends had jarr'd,
And Rivalls made, th' ensuing story marr'd;
Just nature first instructed by his thought,
In his own House thus practis'd what he taught.
This glorious piece Transcends what he could think;
So much his Blood is nobler than his Ink.

To Vandike

RAre *Artisan*, whose Pensil moves
Not our Delights alone, but Loves:
From thy Shop of Beauty, we
Slaves return that enter'd free.
The heedless Lover does not know
Whose eyes they are that wound him so;
But confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his Heart:

Another

Another who did long refrain,
Feels his Old wound bleed freſh again,
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hopes of grace:
Nor Scorn, nor Cruelty does find,
But gladly ſuffers a falſe wind
To blow the aſhes of Deſpair
From the reviving brand of care:
Fool that forgets her ſtubborn look,
This ſoftneſs from thy finger took:
Strange that thy hand ſhould not inſpire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act and power of a face:
May'ſt thou yet thy ſelf as well,
As all the world beſides excel;
So you th' unfeigned truth rehearſe,
(That I may make it Live in Verſe)

Why thou couldſt not at one aſſay,
That face to after times convey,
Which this admires; was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee ſit?
Confeſs, and wee'l forgive thee this,
For who would not repeat that bliſs,
And frequent ſight of ſuch a Dame,
Buy with the hazard of his Fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameleſs skill,
Though thy good hand had failed ſtill?
When natures ſelf ſo often errs,
She for this many thouſand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the Race of Women fair;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before to grace the Earth:
Which waxed old e're it could ſee
Her that amaz'd thy art and thee.

But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where thoſe immortal Colours grow,
That could this deathleſs piece compoſe
In Lillies, or the fading Roſe?
No, for this Theft thou haſt climb'd higher
Than did *Prometheus* for his Fire.

Of the Lady who can ſleep when ſhe pleaſes.

NO wonder Sleep from careful Lovers flies,
To bath himſelf in *Sachariſſa*'s eyes,
As fair *Aſtrea* once form Earth to Heaven
By Strife and loud Impiety was driven:
So with our Plaints offended, and our Tears
Wiſe *Somnus* to that Paradiſe repairs,
Waits on her Will, and wretches do's forſake
To court the Nymph, for whom thoſe wretches wake:

More proud than *Phœbus* of his Throne of Gold
Is the ſoft God, thoſe ſofter Limbs to hold;
Nor would exchange with *Jove*, to hide the Skies
In darkning Clouds, the power to cloſe her eyes:
Eyes which ſo far all other Lights controul,
They warm our Mortal parts, but theſe our Soul.
Let her free Spirit whoſe unconquer'd Breaſt
Holds ſuch deep quiet, and untroubled reſt;
Know, that though *Venus* and her Son ſhould ſpare
Her Rebel heart, and never teach her Care,
Yet *Hymen* may in force her vigils keep,
And for anothers Joy, ſuſpend her Sleep.

Of the miſ-report of her being Painted.

As when a ſort of Wolves infeſt the night
With their wild howlings at fair *Cynthia*'s light,

The

The noiſe may chaſe ſweet ſlumber from our eyes,
But never reach the Miſtriſs of the Skies:
So with the news of *Sachariſſa*'s wrongs,
Her vexed ſervants blame thoſe envious tongues,
Call Love to witneſs that no painted Fire
Can ſcorch men ſo, or kindle ſuch deſire,
While unconcerned ſhe ſeems mov'd no more
With this new Malice than our Loves before,
But from the height of her great mind looks down
On both our paſſions without Smile or Frown,
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame, whom Heaven affecteth ſo.
Paints her, 'tis true, with the ſame hand which ſpreads
Like Glorious Colours through the Flowry Meads,
When laviſh Nature with her beſt Attire
Clothes the gay Spring, the ſeaſon of deſire.
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her Cheek adorn
With the ſame Art wherewith ſhe paints the Morn:

With the ſame Art wherewith ſhe gildeth ſo
Thoſe painted Clouds which from *Thaumantias* bow.

Of her paſſing through a crowd of People.

AS in old *Chaos* Heaven with Earth confus'd,
And Stars with Rocks, together cruſh'd & bruis'd
The Sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his Shoulders lean'd:
So in this throng bright *Sachariſſa* far'd,
Oppreſs'd by thoſe who ſtrove to be her guard;
As ſhips though never ſo obſequious, fall
Foul in a Tempeſt on their Admiral:
A greater Favour this Diſorder brought
Unto her Servants than their awful thought
Durſt entertain, when thus compell'd they preſt
The yielding Marble of her ſnowy Breaſt,
While Love inſults diſguiſed in the Cloud,
And welcome force of that unruly Croud.

So

So th'amorous Tree, while yet the Air is calm
Juſt diſtance keeps from his deſired Palm:
But when the Wind her raviſht Branches throws
Into his Arms, and mingles all their Bows,
Though loath he ſeems her tender Leaves to preſs,
More loath he is that friendly ſtorm ſhould ceaſe,
From whoſe rude Bounty, he the double uſe
At one receives, of Pleaſure and Excuſe.

The ſtory of Phœbus *and* Daphne *applied.*

THirſis a youth of the inſpired Train,
Fair *Sachariſſa* lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
Like *Phœbus* ſung the no leſs amorous boy,
Like *Daphne* ſhe as lovely and as Coy:
With numbers he the flying Nymph purſues,
With numbers ſuch as *Phœbus* ſelf might uſe,
Such is the chaſe when Love and Fancy leads,
O're craggy Mountains, and through floury Meads,

Invok'd to teſtifie the Lovers care,
Or form ſome Image of his cruel fair:
Urg'd with his fury like a wounded Deer,
O're theſe he fled, and now approaching near,
Had reacht the Nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to ſtay;
Yet what he ſung in his immortal ſtrain,
Though unſucceſsful, was not ſung in vain:
All but the Nymph, that ſhould redreſs his wrong,
Attend his paſſion, and approve his Song.
Like *Phœbus* thus, acquiring unſought praiſe,
He catcht at Love, and fill'd his Arm with Bays.

Fabula Phœbi & Daphnis.

ARcadiæ juvenis Thirſis, Phœbique Sacerdos,
Ingenti fruſtra Sacharisſæ ardebat amore
Haud Deus ipſe olim Daphni majora canebat,
Nec fuit aſperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa:

Carmi-

Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per ſaxa, volans per florida vates
Paſcua. formoſam nunc his componere Nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem inſana mente ſolebat:
Audiit illa procul miſerum, Citheramque ſonantem,
Audiit, at nullis reſpexit mota querelis;
Ne tamen omnino caneret, deſertus, ad alta
Sidera perculſi, referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic non quæſitis cumulatus laudibus olim
Elapſa reperit Daphni ſua laurea Phœbus.

Of Mrs Arden.

BEhold, and liſten, while the fair
Breaks in ſweet ſounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the Fire
Which her bright eyes do firſt inſpire.
What reaſon can that Love controul,
Which more than one way courts the ſoul?

So when a flaſh of Lightning falls
On our Abodes, the danger calls
For humane Aid, which hopes the Flame
To conquer, though from Heaven it came:
But if the Winds with that conſpire,
Men ſtrive not, but deplore the Fire.

To Amorett.

FAir, that you may truly know
What you unto *Thirſis* owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sachariſſa love and you,

Joy ſalutes me when I ſet
My bleſt eyes on Amorett:
But with wonder I am ſtrook
When I on the other look,

If ſweet *Amoret* complains,
I have ſenſe of all her pains;
But for *Sachariſſa* I
Do not only Grieve, but Die.

All that of my ſelf is mine
Lovely *Amoret* is thine;
Sachariſſa captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,

And thoſe ſcorching Beams to ſhun
To thy gentle ſhadow run:
If the ſoul had free Election
To diſpoſe of her affection,
I would not thus long have born
Haughty *Sachariſſa's* ſcorn;
But 'tis ſure ſome power above,
Which controul ours Will in Love.

If not Love, a ſtrong deſire
To create and ſpread that Fire
In my Breaſt, ſolicites me
Beauteous *Amoret*, for thee.

'Tis Amazement, more than Love
Which her radiant eyes do move;
If leſs ſplendor wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine,

I would turn my dazelled ſight
To behold their milder light:
But as hard 'tis to deſtroy
That high Flame, as to enjoy;
Which, how eaſily I may do
Heaven (as eaſily ſcal'd) does know.
Amoret, as ſweet and good
As the moſt delicious Food,

Which

Which but taſted does impart
Life and gladneſs to the heart,
Sachariſſa's beauties Wine,
Which to madneſs doth incline;
Such a Liquor as no Brain
That is mortal can ſuſtain.
Scarce can I to Heaven excuſe
That Devotion which I uſe
Unto that adored Dame;
For 'tis not unlike the ſame
Which I thither ought to ſend:
So that if it could take end
'Twould to Heaven it ſelf be due
To ſucceed her, and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not Idolatry;
Which though not ſo fierce a Flame
Is longer like to be the ſame.

Than

Then ſmile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is ſhorter liv'd than Love.

On the head of a Stag.

SO we ſome antick *Hero*'s ſtrength
Learn by his Launces weight and length;
As theſe vaſt beams expreſs the beaſt,
Whoſe ſhady brows alive they dreſt;
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty *Nimrod* did purſue.
What Huntſman of our feeble Race,
Or Dogs dare ſuch a Monſter chaſe?
Reſembling with each blow he ſtrikes
The charge of a whole Troop of Pikes.
O fertile Head, which every year
Could ſuch a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring
So ſoon, ſo heard, ſo hugh a thing;

Which might it never have been caſt,
Each years growth added to the laſt,
Theſe lofty Branches had ſupply'd
The Earths bold Sons, prodigious Pride;
Heaven with theſe Engines had been ſcal'd,
When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd.

To a Lady in a Garden.

SEes not my Love how Time reſumes
The Glory which he lent theſe Flowers;
Though none ſhould taſte of their perfumes,
Yet muſt they live but ſome few hours,
Time what we forbear devours.

Had *Hellen* or th'Egyptian Queen,
Been nere ſo thrifty of their Graces,
Thoſe Beauties muſt at length have been
The ſpoil of Age which finds out faces
In the moſt retired places.

Should

Should ſome malignant Planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaſeleſs Shower
Upon the Autumn or the Spring,
And ſpare us neither Fruit nor Flower,
Winter would not ſtay an hour.

Could the reſolve of Loves neglect
Preſerve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more reſpect
Were due to ſo Divine a faſhion,
Nor would I indulge my paſſion.

The Miſers ſpeech in a Maſque.

BAlls of this Mettal ſlack'd Atlanta's pace
And on the Amorous Youth beſtow'd the Race
Venus, the Nymphs mind meaſuring by her own,
Whom the rich ſpoils of Cities overthrown
Had proſtrated to *Mars*, could well adviſe
Th'adventurous Lover how to gain the prize:

Nor leſs may *Jupiter* to Gold aſcribe,
For when he turn'd himſelf into a Bribe
Who can blame *Danae*, or the brazen Tow'r,
That they with-ſtood not that Almighty ſhow'r?
Never till then, did Love make *Jove* put on
A Form more bright, and Nobler than his own;
Nor were it juſt would he reſume that ſhape
That ſlack Devotion ſhould his Thunder ſcape.
'Twas not Revenge for griev'd *Apollo*'s wrong
Thoſe Aſſes ears on *Mida*'s Temples hung,
But fond Repentance of his happy wiſh,
Becauſe his Meat grew Mettal like his Diſh.
Would *Bacchus* bleſs me ſo, I'de conſtant hold
Unto my wiſh, and dye Creating Gold.

On the friendſhip betwixt two Ladies.

TEll me Lovely loving Pair,
Why ſo kind, and ſo ſevere?
Why ſo careleſs of our care,
Only to your ſelves ſo dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of Love controul,
While the Boys deluded Darts,
Can arrive at neither ſoul.

For in vain to either Breaſt
Still beguiled Love does come,
Where he finds a forreign Gueſt,
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like deſign,
When they never mean to pay,

That they may the Law decline,
To ſome friend make all away,

Not the ſilver Doves that flie,
Yoakt in *Citharea*'s Car
Not the wings that lift ſo high,
And convey her Son ſo far,

Are ſo Lovely, Sweet, and Fair,
Or do more ennoble Love,
Are ſo choicely matcht a pair,
Or with more conſent do move.

Of her Chamber.

THey taſte of death that do at Heaven arrive,
But we this Paradiſe approach alive.
Inſtead of Death the dart of Love does ſtrike,
And renders all within theſe walls alike:

The high in Titles, and the Shepherd here
Forgets his Greatneſs, and forgets his Fear:
All ſtand amaz'd, and gazing on the fair,
Loſe thought of what themſelves, or others are;
Ambition loſe, and have no other ſcope,
Save *Carliſles* favour to imploy their hope.
The *Thracian* could (though all thoſe tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do;
Before his feet, ſo Sheep and Lions lay
Fearleſs and wrathleſs, while they heard him play;
The Gay, the Wiſe, the Gallant, and the Grave,
Subdu'd alike, all, but one paſſion have:
No worthy mind but finds in hers there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:
Whilſt ſhe with cheerful but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like *Phœbus*, ſo divides her light,
And warms us, that, ſhe ſtoops not from her height.

Of

Of loving at firſt ſight.

NOt caring to obſerve the Wind,
Or the new Sea explore,
Snatch from my ſelf, how far behind,
Already I behold the ſhoar.

May not a thouſand dangers ſleep
In the ſmooth boſom of this deep?
No: 'tis ſo Rockleſs and ſo Clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with pretious things not torn
From ſhipwrackt veſſels, but there born.

Sweetneſs, Truth, and every Grace,
Which time and uſe are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read diſtinctly in her face.

Some other Nymph with Colours faint,
And penſil ſlow may *Cupid* paint,
And a weak heart in time deſtroy;
She has a ſtamp, and prints the Boy,
Can with a ſingle look inflame
The coldeſt Breaſt, the rudeſt tame.

The Self baniſhed.

IT is not that I love you leſs
Than when before your feet I lay:
But to prevent the ſad encreaſe
Of hopeleſs Love, I keep away.

In vain (alas) for every thing
Which I have known belong to you,
Your Form does to my Fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the Spring from the new Sun,
Already has a Fever got,
Too late begins thoſe ſhafts to ſhun,
Which *Phœbus* through his veins has ſhot.

Too late he would the pain aſſwage,
And to thick ſhadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted bloud the Fire.

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
Your baniſht ſervant trouble you;
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
The vow I made to love you too.

SONG.

GO lovely Roſe,
Tell her that waſtes her time and me

That now ſhe knows
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her Graces ſpy'd,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In Deſarts, where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd,

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her ſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then die, that ſhe,
The common fate of all things rare,
May read in thee

How

How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair.

Thiſis, Galatea.

Th. AS lately I on Silver *Thames* did ride,
Sad *Galatea* on the Bank I ſpy'd:
Such was her look as ſorrow taught to ſhine
And thus ſhe grac'd me with a voice Divine.

Gal. You that can tune your ſounding ſtrings ſo well
Of Ladies Beauties, and of Love to tell,
Once change your Note, and let your Lute report
The juſteſt grief that ever toucht the Court.

Th. Fair Nymph, I have in your Delights no ſhare,
Nor ought to be concerned in your care:
Yet would I ſing, if I your ſorrows knew,
And to my aid invoke no Muſe but you:

Gal. Hear then, and let your ſong augment our (grief,
Which is ſo great, as not to wiſh relief:
She that had all which Nature gives or Chance,
Whom Fortune joyn'd with Virtue to advance,
To all the joys this Iſland could afford
The greateſt Miſtriſs, and the kindeſt Lord:
Who with the Royal mixt her Noble bloud,
And in high Grace with *Gloraina* ſtood,
Her Bounty, Sweetneſs, Beauty, Goodneſs ſuch,
That none e're thought her happineſs too much:
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her,
The Virgins part, the Mother, and the Wife,
So well ſhe acted in this ſpan of life,
That though few years (too few alas) ſhe told,
She ſeem'd in all things but in Beauty old.
As unripe Fruit, whoſe verdant ſtalks do cleave
Cloſe to the Tree, which grieves no leſs to leave

Th

The ſmiling pendant which adorns her ſo,
And until Autumn, on the Bough ſhould grow,
So ſeem'd her youthful ſoul not eaſily forc't;
Or from ſo fair, ſo ſweet a ſeat divorc't.
Her fate at once did haſty ſeem and ſlow,
At once too cruel and unwilling too.

Th. Under how hard a Law are Mortals born;
Whom now we envy we anon muſt mourn:
What Heaven ſets higheſt, and ſeems moſt to prize,
Is ſoon removed from our wondring eyes:
But ſince the Siſters did ſo ſoon untwine
So fair a Thread, I'll ſtrive to piece the line.
Vouchſafe ſad Nymph to let me know the Dame,
And to the Muſes I'll commend her name,
Make the wide Country eccho to your moan,
The liſtning Trees and ſavage Mountains groan:
What Rocks not moved when the death is ſung
Of one ſo good, ſo lovely, and ſo young?

Gal.

Gal. 'Twas *Hamilton* whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, Grief lets me ſay no more.

The Battel of the Summer-Iſlands.

Cant. I.

What Fruites they have, and how Heaven ſmiles
Upon thoſe late diſcovered Iſles.

AId me *Bellona* while the dreadful Fight
Betwixt a Nation and two Whales I write:
Seas ſtain'd with goar, I ſing, advent'rous toyl,
And how theſe Monſters did diſarm an Iſle.

Bermudas wall'd with Rocks, who does not know
That happy Iſland where huge Lemons grow,
And Orange trees which Golden Fruit do bear,
Th'Heſperian Garden boaſts of none ſo fair?
Where ſhining Pearl, Coral, and many a pound
On the rich Shore, of Amber-greece is found:

The

The loſty Cedar which to Heaven aſpires,
The Prince of Trees is fewel for their Fires:
The ſmoak by which their loaded ſpits do turn,
For incenſe might, on Sacred Altars burn.
Their private Roofs on od'rous Timber born.
Such as might Palaces for Kings adorn:
The ſweet *Palmettas*, a new *Bacchus* yield
With Leaves as ample as the broadeſt ſhield:
Under the ſhadow of whoſe friendly Boughs
They ſit carowſing, where their Liquor grows:
Figs there unplanted through the Fields do grow,
Such as fierce *Cato* did the *Romans* ſhow,
With the rare fruit inviting them to ſpoil
Carthage the Miſtriſs of ſo rich a ſoil:
The naked Rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at ſome conſtant ſeaſons every year,
Their barren tops with luſcious Food abound,
And with the eggs of various Fowls are crown'd:

Tobacco

Tobacco is the worſt of things which they
To *Engliſh* Land-lords as their Tribute pay:
Such is the Mould that the Bleſt Tenant feeds
On precious Fruits, and pays his Rent in Weeds:
With candid Plantines, and the jucy Pine,
On choiceſt Melons and ſweet Grapes they dine,
And with Potatoes fat their wanton Swine:
Nature theſe Cates with ſuch a laviſh hand
Pours out among them, that our courſer Land
Taſtes of that bounty, and does Cloth return,
Which not for Warmth, but Ornament is worn:
For the kind Spring which but ſalutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
Ripe Fruits and bloſſoms on the ſame Trees live,
At once they promiſe what at once they give,
So ſweet the Air, ſo moderate the Clime,
None ſickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven ſure has kept this ſpot of earth uncurſt

To

To ſhew how all things were Created firſt.
The tardy plants in our cold Orchards plac'd,
Reſerve their Fruits for the next ages taſte:
There a ſmall grain in ſome few Moneths will be
A firm, a lofty, and a ſpacious Tree:
The *Palma Chriſti*, and the fair *Papah*,
Now but a ſeed (preventing Natures law)
In half the Circle of the haſty year
Project a ſhade, and lovely fruits do wear:
And as their Trees in our dull Region ſet
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
So in this *Northern* Tract our hoarſer Throats
Utter unripe and ill-conſtrained notes,
Where the ſupporter of the Poets ſtyle,
Phœbus on them eternally does ſmile.
O how I long my careleſs Limbs to lay
Under the Plantanes ſhade, and all the day
With am'rous Airs my fancy entertain,

Invoke

Invoke the Muſes, and improve my vein!
No paſſion there in my free breaſt ſhould move,
None but the ſweet and beſt of paſſions, Love:
There while I ſing, if gentle Love be by
That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings ſo high,
With the ſweet ſound of *Sachariſſa's* name,
I'll make the liſtning Savages grow tame.
But while I do theſe pleaſing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

Canto II.

Of their alarm, and how their Foes
Diſcovered were, this Canto *ſhows.*

THough Rocks ſo high about this Iſland riſe,
That well they may the num'rous Turk deſpiſe,
Yet is no humane fate exempt from fear
Which ſhakes their hearts, while through the Iſle they (hear

A laſting noiſe, as horrid and as loud
As Thunder makes, before it breaks the Cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, e're they know
From what blind cauſe th'unwonted ſound may (grow:
At length Two Monſters of unequal ſize,
Hard by the ſhoar a Fiſher-man eſpies;
Two mighty Whales, which ſwelling Seas had toſt,
And left them priſoners on the rocky Coaſt;
One as a Mountain vaſt, and with her came
A Cub not much inferior to his Dame:
Here in a Pool among the Rocks engag'd,
They roar'd like Lions, caught in toyls and rag'd:
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had ſeen the like lie murdered on the ſhore,
By the wild fury of ſome Tempeſt caſt
The fate of ſhips and ſhipwrackt men to taſte;
As careleſs Dames whom Wine and Sleep betray
To frantick dreams their Infants overlay:

So

So there ſometimes the raging Ocean fails,
And her own brood expoſes, when the Whales
Againſt ſharp Rocks like reeling veſſels quaſht,
Though huge as Mountains, are in pieces daſht;
Along the ſhore their dreadful Limbs lie ſcatter'd,
Like Hills with Earthquakes ſhaken, torn & ſhatter'd:
Hearts ſure of Braſs they had, who tempted firſt
Rude Seas that ſpare not what themſelves have nurſt.
The welcome news through all the Nations ſpread
To ſudden joy and hope converts their dread.
What lately was their publique terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;
Diſpoſe already of th'untaken ſpoil,
And as the purchaſe of their future toil,
Theſe ſhare the Bones, and they divide the Oyl;
So was the Huntſman by the Bear oppreſt,
Whoſe Hide he ſold before he caught the Beaſt.

They man their Boats and all their young men arm
With whatſoever may the Monſters harm;
Pikes, Holberts, Spits and Darts that wound ſo far,
The Tools of Peace, and Inſtruments of War:
Now was the time for vig'rous lads to ſhew
What Love or Honour could invite them to;
A goodly Theater where Rocks are round
With reverend age, and lovely Laſſes crown'd:
Such was the Lake which held this dreadful pair
Within the bounds of Noble *Warwicks* ſhare:
Warwicks bold Earl, than which no Title bears
A greater ſound among our Brittiſh Peers;
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The Fate and Honour to that Title due;
Whoſe brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And through the new world ſpread his growing (Fame.
But how they fought, and what their valour (gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

Canto. III.

The bloudy fight, ſucceſsleſs toyl,
And how the Fiſhes ſack'd the Iſle.

THe Boat which on the firſt aſſault did go
Struck with a harping Iron the younger Foe;
Who when he felt his ſide ſo rudely goar'd;
Loud as the Sea that nouriſht him he roar'd;
As a broad Bream to pleaſe ſome curious taſte,
While yet alive in boyling water caſt,
Vext with unwonted heat, boyls, flings about
The ſcorching Braſs, and hurls the Liquor out:
So with the barbed Javeling ſtung, he raves,
And ſcourges with his tail the ſuffering waves:
Like *Spencer's Talus* with his iron flail,
He thereatens ruine with his pondrous Tail;

Diſſolving

Diſſolving at one ſtroke the battered Boat,
And down the Men fall drenched in the Moat:
With every fierce encounter they are forc't
To quit their Boats, and fair like men unhors'd.

The bigger Whale like ſome huge Carrack lay,
Which wanteth Sea-room, with her foes to play;
Slowly ſhe ſwims, and when provok'd ſhe woo'd
Advance her tail, her Head ſalutes the Mudd,
The ſhallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tails impetuous ſwinge,
The ſhining ſteel her tender ſides receive,
And there like Bees they all their weapons leave.

This ſees the Cub, and does himſelf oppoſe
Betwixt his cumbred Mother and her Foes:
With deſperate courage he receives her wounds,
And Men and Boats his active tail confounds.
Their Forces joyn'd, the Seas with Billows fill,
And make a Tempeſt though the Winds be ſtill,

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wish this Cub away;
Their wish they have, he to direct his Dam
Unto the Gap through which they thither came,
Before her swims, and quits the hostile Lake,
A pris'ner there, but for his Mothers sake.
She by the Rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy, and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their Darts are thrown.
Their Launces spent; one bolder than the rest
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish Beast:
Her oily side devours both blade and heft,
And there his Steel the bold *Bermudian* left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the Lake:
Blood flows in Rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy Tide;

And

And raiſe the Floud to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal ſtreight.
She ſwims in bloud, and bloud does ſpouting throw
To Heaven; that Heaven mens cruelties might know.
Their fixed Javelins in her ſides ſhe wears,
And on her back a grove of Pikes appears.
You would have thought had you the Monſter ſeen
Thus dreſt, ſhe had another Iſland been:
Roaring ſhe tears the Air with ſuch a noiſe,
(As well reſembled the conſpiring voice
Of routed Armies, when the Field is won)
To reach the ears of her eſcaped Son.
He (though a League removed from the Foe)
Haſtes to her aid, the pious *Trojan* ſo
Neglecting for *Creuſas* life his own,
Repeats the dangers of the burning Town;
The men amazed, bluſh to ſee the ſeed
Of Monſters, humane Piety exceed.

Well proves this kindneſs what the Grecians ſung,
That Loves bright Mother from the Ocean ſprung.
Their courage droops, and hopeleſs now they wiſh
For compoſition with th'unconquer'd Fiſh:
So ſhe their weapons would reſtore again,
Through Rocks they'd hew her paſſage to the main.
But how inſtructed in each others mind,
Or what commerſe can men with Monſters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded Foe,
Whom her couragious Son protected ſo,
They charge their Muskets, and with hot deſire
Of fell revenge, renew the Fight with Fire.
Standing aloof with Lead they bruiſe the ſcales,
And tear the fleſh of the incenſed Whales.
But no ſucceſs their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to ſend
For the loud Engins which their Iſle defend.

But

But what thoſe pieces fram'd to batter walls
Would have effected on thoſe mighty Whales,
Great *Neptune* will not have us know, who ſends
A Tide ſo high, that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much bloud the Monſters loſt, and they their Arms.

SONG.

PEace babling Muſe,
I dare not ſing what you indite;
Her eyes refuſe
To read the paſſion which they write;
She ſtrikes my Lute, but if it ſound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no leſs her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While ſome fierce Lion does embrace
His breathleſs Corps, and licks his Face;

Wrapt up in silent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

Of Love.

ANger in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes.
And sorrow too finds some relief,
In tears which wait upon our grief;
So every passion, but fond Love,
Unto its own redress does move.
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disordred, tremble, fawn and creep,
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For Women born to be controul'd
Stoop to the forward and the bold,

Affect

Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frollick, and the loud;
Who firſt the gen'rous ſteed oppreſt,
Not kneeling, did ſalute the Beaſt;
But with high Courage, Life, and Force
Approaching tam'd th'unruly Horſe.
Unwiſely we the wiſer *Eaſt*
Pitty, ſuppoſing them oppreſt
With Tyrants force, whoſe Law is Will,
By which they govern, ſpoil and kill;
Each Nymph but moderately fair,
Commands with no leſs Rigor here.

Should ſome brave Turk that walks among
His Twenty Laſſes bright and young,
And beckens to the willing Dame
Preferr'd to quench his preſent Flame,
Behold as many Gallants here,
With Modeſt guiſe, and Silent fear,

All

All to one Female Idol bend,
Whilst her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of Eunuchs were;
And that a more Majestique Queen,
Or humbler slaves he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I strugled with the yoke
Of mighty Love that conquering Look,
When next beheld like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall Stag upon the brink,
Of some smooth Stream about to drink,
Surveying there is armed Head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned Dogs, resolves to try
The combat next, but if their cry

Invades again his trembling ear,
He ſtraight reſumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untaſted Spring behind,
And wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.

To Phillis.

PHillis, why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter then the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their ſpan,
Beauty like a ſhadow flies,
And our youth before us dies;
Or would youth and Beauty ſtay.
Love has wings, and will away.
Love has ſwifter wings than Time;
Change in Love to Heaven does climb.
Gods that never change their ſtate,
Vary oft their Love and Hate;

Phillis, to this Truth we owe,
All the love betwixt us Two:
Let not you and I require,
What has been our past desire,
On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd;
Leave it to the Planets to,
What we shall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present Love,

To Phillis.

PHillis, 'twas Love that injur'd you,
And on that Rock your *Thirsis* threw,
Who for proud *Celia* could have dy'd,
Whilst you no less accus'd his pride.
Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing springs from what he sows,

From foes diſcharg'd as often meet
The ſhining points of Arrows fleet
In the wide Air creating Fire,
As ſouls that joyn in one deſire.

Love made the lovely *Venus* burn
In vain, and for the cold youth mourn,
Who the purſute of churliſh Beaſts.
Preferr'd to ſleeping on her Breaſts.

Love makes ſo many hearts the prize,
Of the bright *Carliſles* conquering eyes,
Which ſhe regards no more than they,
The tears of leſſer Beauties weigh:
So have I ſeen the loſt Clouds pour,
Into the Sea a uſeleſs ſhower,
And the vext Sailors curſe the rain,
For which poor Shepherds pray'd in vain.
Then *Phillis*, ſince our paſſions are
Govern'd by chance, and not the care

But

But ſport of Heaven, which takes delight
To look upon this *Parthian* flight
Of Love, ſtill flying or in chaſe,
Never encountring face to face,
No more to love we'll ſacrifice,
But to the beſt of Deities;
And let our hearts which Love disjoyn'd,
By his kind Mother be combin'd.

SONG.

WHile I liſten to thy voice,
(*Chloris*) I feel my life decay,
That powerful noiſe
Calls my flitting ſoul away,
Oh ſuppreſs that Magick ſound,
Which deſtroys without a wound!

Peace

Peace *Chloris* peace, or ſinging die·
That together you and I,
To Heaven may go,
For all we know,
Of what the Bleſſed do above
Is, that they Sing, and that they Love.

SONG.

STay *Phœbus*, ſtay,
The world to which you flie ſo faſt,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your haſte,
With no ſuch object, nor ſalute your riſe
With no ſuch wonder as *de Mornay*'s eyes;
Well does this prove,
The error of thoſe antique Books,
Which made you move,
About the world; her charming Looks

Would

Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling Earth ſnatch her away.

To Amorett.

A*Moret*, the Milky way,
Fram'd of many nameleſs ſtars,
The ſmooth ſtream where none can ſay,
He this drop to that prefers;

Amoret, my lovely Foe,
Tell me where thy ſtrength does lie,
Where the power that charms us ſo,
In thy Soul or in thy Eye?

By that ſnowy neck alone,
Or thy Grace in Motion ſeen,
No ſuch wonders could be done:
Yet thy Waſte is ſtraight and clean,

As

As *Cupids* ſhaft, or *Hermes* rod,
And powerful too, as either God.

To my Lord of Falkland.

BRave *Holland* leads, and with him *Falkland* goes,
Who hears this told, and does not ſtraight ſuppoſe
We ſend the Graces and the Muſes forth,
To civilize, and to inſtruct the *North*?

Not that theſe ornaments make ſwords leſs ſharp,
Apollo bears as well his Bow as Harp;
And though he be the Patron of that Spring,
Where in calm peace the Sacred Virgins ſing,
He courage had to guard th'invaded Throne
Of *Jove*, and caſt th'ambitious Giants down.

Ah (noble Friend) with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great Soul thou art, longing to twiſt
Bays with that Ivy, which ſo early kiſt

Thy youthful Temples, with what horror we
Think on the blind events of War and thee?
To Fate expoſing that all-knowing breaſt,
Among the throng as cheaply as the reſt:
Where Oaks and Brambles (if the Cops be burn'd)
Confounded lie to the ſame Aſhes turn'd:
Some happy wind over the Ocean blow
This Tempeſt, yet which frights our Iſland ſo;
Guarded with ſhips, and all the Sea our own,
From Heaven this miſchief on our heads is thrown.

In a late dream the *Genius* of this Land,
Amaz'd, I ſaw, like the fair *Hebrew* ſtand,
When firſt ſhe felt the Twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the ſeat of Civil War:
Inclin'd to whoſe relief and with preſage
Of better fortune for the preſent age,
Heaven ſends, quoth I, this diſcord for our good,
To warm, perhaps, but not to waſte our bloud,

To raiſe our drooping ſpirits, grown the ſcorn
Of our proud neighbours, who e're long ſhall mourn,
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occaſion to reſume our Arms.

A Lion ſo with ſelf-provoking ſmart,
His rebel tail ſcourging his Nobler part,
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

For drinking of Healths.

LEt Bruits and Vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink:
A more indulgent Miſtriſs guides our ſprights,
Reaſon, that dares beyond our appetites;
She would our Care as well as Thirſt redreſs,
And with Divinity reward exceſs;
Deſerted *Ariadne* thus reply'd,
Did perjur'd *Theſeus* cruelty deride,

Bacchus imbrac'd from her exalted thought
Baniſh'd the man, her paſſion, and his fault;
Bacchus and *Phœbus* are by *Jove* ally'd,
And each by others timely heat ſupply'd:
All that the Grapes owe to his ripening fires,
Is paid in numbers which their juyce inſpires.
Wine fills the veins, and healths are underſtood,
To give our Friends a Title to our Blood:
Who naming me, doth warm his courage ſo,
Shews for my ſake what his bold hand would do.

On my Lady Iſabella *playing on the Lute.*

SUch moving ſounds, from ſuch a carleſs touch,
So unconcern'd her ſelf, and we ſo much!
What Art is this, that with ſo little pains
Tranſports us thus, and o'r our ſpirit reigns?
The trembling ſtrings about her fingers crow'd,
And tell their joy for every kiſs aloud:

Smal

Small force there needs to make them tremble ſo,
Touch't by that hand who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes ſtand, and while ſhe charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the liſtning Deer;
Muſick ſo ſoftens and diſarms the mind,
That not an Arrow does reſiſtance find.
Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts her ſelf the triumph of her eyes.
So *Nero* once, with Harp in hand ſurvey'd
His flaming *Rome*, and as it burnt he playd.

To a Lady ſinging a Song of his Compoſing.

CHloris your ſelf you ſo excel
When you vouchſafe to breath my thought,
That like a ſpirit with this ſpell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That Eagles fate, and mine are one,
Which on the ſhaft that made him die,
Eſpy'd a feather of his own
Wherewith he wont to ſoar ſo high.

Had Eccho with ſo ſweet a grace,
Narciſſus loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflexion of his face,
But of his voice the Boy had burn'd.

Of the marriage of the Dwarfs.

DEſign or chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this Match contrive;
Eve might as well have *Adam* fled,
As ſhe deny'd her little Bed
To him, for whom Heaven ſeem'd to frame,
And meaſure out this only Dame.

Thrice

Thrice happy is that humble pair
Beneath the level of all care;
Over whoſe heads thoſe Arrows flie
Of ſad diſtruſt and jealouſie;
Secured in as high extream,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the faireſt Nymphs do ſhow
Like moving Mountains topt with ſnow;
And every Man a *Polipheme*
Does to his *Galatea* ſeem;
None may preſume her faith to prove;
He profers Death that profers Love.

Ah (*Chloris*) that kind nature thus
From all the world had ſever'd us,
Creating for our ſelves us two,
As Love has me for only you.

Loves farewell.

TReading the path to Nobler ends,
A long farewel to Love I gave;
Resolv'd my Countrey and my Friends
All that remain'd of me should have;
And this Resolve no mortal Dame,
None but those eyes could have o'rthrown.
The Nymph, I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like her self alone.
Thus the tall Oak which now aspires
Above the fear of private Fires,
Grown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but build the house,
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from Heaven indure.

From a Child.

Madam,

AS in ſome Climes the warmer Sun
Makes it full Summer e're the Spring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our Violets dare look abroad:
So meaſure not by any common uſe,
The early Love your brighter eyes produce;
When lately your fair hand in womans weed,
Wrap't my glad head, I wiſh't me ſo indeed,
That haſty time might never make me grow
Out of thoſe favours you afford me now;
That I might ever ſuch indulgence find,
And you not bluſh, or think your ſelf too kind,
Who now I fear while I theſe joys expreſs,
Begin to think how you may make them leſs;

The

The ſound of Love makes your ſoft heart afraid,
And guard it ſelf, though but a Child invade,
And innocently at your white breaſt throw
A Dart as white, a Ball of new faln ſnow.

On a Girdle.

THat which her ſlender waſte confin'd,
Shall now my joyful Temples bind;
No Monarch but would give his Crown
His Arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven extreameſt Sphear,
The Pale which held that lovely Dear;
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
Did all within this Circle move.

A narrow compaſs, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:

Give

Give me but what this Riban bound,
Take all the reſt, the Sun goes round.

The Apology of Sleep.

For not approaching the Lady who can do any thing but ſleep when ſhe pleaſeth.

MY charge it is, thoſe breaches to repair
Which nature takes from ſorrow, toil and (care.
Reſt to the Limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds; but nought can add to her
Whom Heaven and her tranſcendent thoughts have (plac'd
Above thoſe ills, which wretched Mortals taſte.

Bright as the deathleſs gods, and happy ſhe
From all that may infringe delight, is free:
Love at her Royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his Mother with more haſte obeys,

Such

Such real pleaſures, ſuch true joys ſuſpence,
What dream can I preſent to recompenſe?
Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the Clouds ſeems all at her command;
Or place her in *Olimpus* top, a gueſt
Among th'immortals, who with Nectar feaſt:
That power would ſeem that entertainment ſhort
Of the true ſplendor of her preſent Court;
Where all the joys and all the Glories are
Of three great Kingdoms, ſever'd from the care.
I that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Aſcending do the ſeat of ſenſe invade,
No Cloud in ſo ſerene a Manſion find,
To over-caſt her ever-ſhining mind,
Which holds reſemblance with thoſe ſpotleſs Skies,
Where flowing *Nilus* want of Rain ſupplies.
That Chriſtal Heaven, where *Phœbus* never ſhrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in Clouds.

But

But ſo hard which numbers cannot force?
So ſtoops the Moon, and Rivers change their courſe.
The bold *Mæonian* made me dare to ſteep
Joves dreadful Temples in the dew of ſleep.
And ſince the Muſes do invoke my power,
I ſhall no more decline that Sacred Bower,
Where *Gloriana* their great Miſtriſs lies,
But gently taming thoſe victorious eyes,
Charm all her ſenſes; till the joyful Sun
Without a Rival half his courſe has run:
Who while my hand that fairer light confines
May boaſt himſelf the brighteſt thing that ſhines.

At Penſ-hurſt.

WHile in the Park I ſing, the liſtning Deer
Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear.
When to the Beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads as if they felt the ſame:

To

To Gods appealing, when I reach their bowrs
With loud complaints, they anſwer me in ſhowrs.
To thee a wild and cruel ſoul is given,
More deaf than Trees, and prouder than the Heaven.
Loves Foe profeſt, why doſt thou falſly feign
Thy ſelf a *Sidney?* from which Noble ſtrain
He ſprung, that could ſo far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our Nation with his Flame,
That all we can of Love or high deſire,
Seems but the ſmoak of amorous *Sidneys* fire.
Nor call her Mother, who ſo well do's prove,
One breaſt may hold both Chaſtity and Love.
Never can ſhe, that ſo exceeds the Spring
In Joy and Bounty, be ſuppos'd to bring
One ſo deſtructive; to no humane ſtock
We owe this fierce unkindneſs, but the Rock,
That cloven Rock produc'd thee, by whoſe ſide
Nature to recompence the fatal pride

Of ſuch ſtern Beauty, plac'd thoſe healing ſprings
Which not more help than that deſtruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged ſtone,
I might like *Orpheus* with my numerous moan
Melt to compaſſion; now my trait'rous ſong
With thee conſpires to do the Singer wrong:
While thus I ſuffer not my ſelf to loſe
The memory of what augments my woes:
But with my own breath ſtill foment the Fire
Which flames as high as fancy can aſpire.

This laſt complaint th'indulgent ears did pierce
Of juſt *Apollo*, Preſident of Verſe,
Highly concerned, that the Muſe ſhould bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to ſing:
Thus he advis'd me, on you aged Tree,
Hang up thy Lute, and hye thee to the Sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce at leſt may with this paſſion find.

Ah

Ah cruel Nymph from whom her humble ſwain
Flies for relief unto the raging main ;
And from the Winds and Tempeſts do's expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect :
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Bleſt in her choice, and vows this endleſs Love
Springs from no hope of what ſhe can confer,
But from thoſe gifts which Heaven has heap'd on her.

Another.

HAd *Sachariſſa* liv'd when Mortals made
Choice of their Deities, this Sacred ſhade
Had held an Altar to her power that gave
The Peace and Glory which theſe allies have
Embroidred ſo with Flowers where ſhe ſtood,
That it became a Garden of a Wood :
Her preſence has ſuch more than humane Grace
That it can civilize the rudeſt place,

And

And beauty too, and order can impart,
Where Nature ne'r intended it, nor Art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire
No leſs than thoſe of old, did *Orpheus* Lire:
If ſhe ſit down, with tops all towards her bow'd
They round about her into Arbors crowd;
Or if ſhe walk, in even ranks they ſtand
Like ſome well Marſhall'd and obſequious band,
Amphion ſo made ſtones and timber leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
And in the ſymmetry of her parts is found
A power like that of harmony in ſound.
Ye lofty Beeches, tell this matchleſs Dame,
That if together ye fed all on one Flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.
Go Boy, and carve this paſſion on the Bark
Of yonder Tree, which ſtands the ſacred mark

Of Noble *Sidneys* birth; when ſuch benign,
Such more than mortal making ſtars did ſhine;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble Love:
His humble Love, whoſe hope ſhall ne'r raiſe higher
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of Leiceſter.

NOt that thy Trees at *Penſ-hurſt* groan
Oppreſſed with their timely load,
And ſeem to make their ſilent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad:
They to delight his taſte or eye
Would ſpend themſelves in fruit and dye.

Not that thy harmleſs Deer repine,
And think themſelves unjuſtly ſlain
By any other hand than thine,
Whoſe Arrows they would gladly ſtain:

No nor thy friends which hold too dear
That peace with *France* which keeps thee there.

All theſe are leſs than that great cauſe,
Which now exacts your preſence here,
Wherein there meet the divers Laws
Of publick and domeſtick care.
For one bright Nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright ſhield of *Thetis* Sun,
For which ſuch ſtern debate did riſe,
That the Great *Ajax Telamon*
Refus'd to live without the Prize,
Thoſe Achive Peers did more engage,
Than ſhe the gallants of our age.

That beam of Beauty which begun
To warm us ſo when thou wert here,

Now ſcorches like the raging Sun
When *Syrius* does firſt appear
O fix this Flame, and let deſpair
Redeem the reſt from endleſs care!

To a very young Lady.

WHy came I ſo untimely forth
Into a world which wanting thee
Could entertain us with no worth
Or ſhadow of felicity?
That time ſhould me ſo far remove
From that which I was born to love.

Yet faireſt bloſſom do not ſlight
That age which you may know ſo ſoon;
The Roſie Morn reſigns her light,
And milder Glory to the Noon:
And then what wonders ſhall you do,
Whoſe dawning Beauty warms us ſo?

Hope

Hope waits upon the flowry prime,
And Summer though it be leſs gay,
Yet is not lookt on as a time
Of declination or decay.
For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promis'd by the Spring.

SONG.

SAy lovely dream, where couldſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this Glorious kind,
Come not from any mortal place.

In Heaven itſelf thou ſure wer't dreſt
With that Angel-like diſguiſe;
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But ah this Image is too kind
  To be other than a dream!
  Cruel *Sacharissa*'s mind
Never put on that ſweet extreme.

Fair dream, if thou intendſt me grace
  Change that Heavenly face of thine;
  Paint deſpis'd Love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, Wan, and Meager let it look,
  With a pity-moving ſhape,
  Such as wander by the Brook
Of *Lethe*, or from graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſs Nymph appear,
  In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo,
  Softly in her ſleeping ear,
With humble words expreſs my wo.

Perhaps

Perhaps from Greatneſs, State, and Pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall:
Sleep does diſproportion hide,
And death reſembling equals all.

SONG.

BEhold the brand of Beauty toſt;
See how the motion does dilate the Flame:
Delighted Love his ſpoils does boaſt,
And triumph in this game.
Fire to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder and our fear,
Moving the mind,
As lightning hurled through the Air.

High Heaven the Glory does encreaſe
Of all her ſhining lamps this artful way,

The Sun in Figures ſuch as theſe
  Joys with the Moon to play.
To the ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which do reſult from their own ſpheres,
  As this Nymphs dance,
Moves with the numbers which ſhe hears.

On the diſcovery of a Ladies Painting.

PIgmaleons fate reverſt is mine.
  His marble Love took fleſh and bloud;
All that I worſhipt as Divine
That Beauty now 'tis underſtood,
Appears to have no more of life
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.
As women yet who apprehend
Some ſudden cauſe of cauſeleſs fear,

Although

Although that ſeeming cauſe take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A ſhaking through their Limbs they find
Like leaves ſaluted by the wind:

So though the Beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me ſo,
Yet from my breaſt I cannot tear
The paſſion which from thence did grow,
Nor yet out of my fancy raſe
The print of that ſuppoſed face.

A real Beauty, though too near,
The fond *Narciſſus* did admire;
I dote on that which is no where,
The ſign of Beauty feeds my fire;
No mortal Flame was e're ſo cruel
As this which thus ſurvives the fuel.

To a Lady from whom he received a Silver Pen.

Madam,

INtending to have try'd
The ſilver Favour which you gave,
In Ink the ſhining point I dy'd,
And drench it in the ſable wave:
When griev'd to be ſo fouly ſtain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppoſe you had deſerv'd to take
From her fair hand ſo fair a boon,
Yet how deſerved I to make
So ill a change, who ever won
Immortal praiſe for what I wrought,
Inſtructed by her Noble thought.

that expreſſed her commands
To mighty Lords and Princely Dames,
Always moſt welcome to their hands,
Proud that I would record their names,
Muſt now be taught an humble ſtile
Some meaner Beauty to beguile.

So I the wronged Pen to pleaſe,
Make it my humble thanks expreſs
Unto your Ladyſhip in theſe,
And now 'tis forced to confeſs
That your great ſelf did nere indite,
Nor that to one more Noble write.

On a Brede of divers Colours, woven by four Ladies.

TWice Twenty ſlender Virgin fingers twine
This curious Web where all their fancies ſhine;

As

As Nature them, ſo they this ſhade have wrought
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not *Juno*'s Bird when his fair train diſpread,
He wooes the Female to his painted bed;
No not the bow which ſo adorns the Skies,
So Glorious is, or boaſts ſo many dies.

To my Lord of Northumberland *upon the death of his Lady.*

TO this great loſs a Sea of Tears is due,
But the whole debt not to be paid by you:
Charge not your ſelf with all, nor render vain
Thoſe ſhowers the eyes of us your ſervants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeneſs of that heart,
In which, nor fear nor anger has a part?
Virtue would bluſh, if time ſhould boaſt (which drie
Her ſole child dead the tender Mothers eyes)

you

Your minds relief, where reaſon triumphs ſo
Over all paſſions, that they ne'r could grow
Beyond their limits in your Noble breaſt,
To harm another or impeach your reſt.
This we obſerv'd, delighting to obey
One who did never from his great ſelf ſtray:
Whoſe mild example ſeemed to engage
Th'obſequious Seas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave *Emilius* his great charge laid down,
(The force of *Rome*, and fate of *Macedon*)
In his loſt ſons did feel the cruel ſtroke
Of changing fortune, and thus highly ſpoke
Before *Romes* people: we did oft implore
That if the Heavens had any bad in ſtore,
For your *Emilius*, they would pour that ill
On his own houſe, and let you flouriſh ſtill:
You on the barren Sea (my Lord) have ſpent,
Whole Springs, and Summers to the publick lent:

Suſpended

Suſpended all the pleaſures of your life,
And ſhortned the ſhort joy of ſuch a wife:
For which your Countrey's more obliged then,
For many lives of old, leſs happy men.
You that have ſacrific'd ſo great a part
Of Youth and private bliſs, ought to impart
Your ſorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your Affliction, as Delight:
Then with *Emilian* courage bear this croſs,
Since publick perſons only publick loſs
Ought to affect, and though her form and youth,
Her application to your Will and Truth,
That Noble Sweetneſs, and that humble State
All ſnatcht away by ſuch a haſty fate,
Might give excuſe to any common Breaſt,
With the huge weight of ſo juſt grief oppreſt;
Yet let no portion of your life be ſtain'd
With paſſion, but your character maintain'd

To the laſt Act; it is enough her Stone
May honoured be with Superſcription
Of the ſole Lady, who had power to move
The Great *Northumberland* to grieve and love.

To my Lord Admiral of his late Sickneſs and Recovery.

WIth joy like ours, the *Thracian* youth invades
Orpheus returning from th' *Elizian* ſhades,
Embrace the *Hero*, and his ſtay emplore,
Make it their publick ſuit, he would no more
Deſert them ſo, and for his ſpouſes ſake,
His vaniſht Love, tempt the *Lethean* Lake:
The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to clime,
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed
Who ſhall the fair *Euridice* ſucceed:

Euridice

Euridice; for whom his num' rous moan
Makes liſtning Trees, and ſalvage Mountains groan:
Through all the Air his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch our hearts of late.
Your pining ſickneſs, and your reſtleſs pain,
At once the Land affecting, and the main,
When the glad news that you were Admiral,
Scarce through the Nation, ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our Great *Charles*, whoſe wiſdom ſhines in you,
Would be perplexed how to chuſe a new.
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worſt, it gave our ſouls relief:
That in our age ſuch ſenſe of vertue liv'd,
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd:
Nature her faireſt lights eclipſed, ſeems
Her ſelf to ſuffer in thoſe ſharp extremes;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from thoſe cheeks which all the world admires.

The

The ſtemm thus threatned, and the ſap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble Tree:
Their Beauty they, and we our Loves ſuſpend,
Nought can our wiſhes, ſave thy health intend:
As Lillies overcharg'd with Rain they bend (tend,
Their beauteous heads, and with high Heaven con-
Fold thee within their ſnowy Arms, and cry
He is too faultleſs and too young to die:
So like immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away:
Who would not languiſh by ſo fair a train,
To be lamented and reſtor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what haſty ſoul would go,
Though to be bleſt? or'e her *Adonis* ſo
Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious ſhowr
Of her warm tears cheriſht the ſpringing Flower.
The next ſupport fair hope of your great name,
And ſecond pillar of that Noble frame,

By loſs of thee would no advantage have,
But ſtep by ſtep purſues thee to the grave.
And now relentleſs fate, about to end
The line which backward does ſo far extend,
That antick ſtock which ſtill the world ſupplies
With braveſt Spirits, and with brighteſt Eyes,
Kind *Phœbus* interpoſing, bid me ſay
Such ſtorms no more ſhall ſhake that houſe, but they,
Like *Neptune*, and his Sea-born Neece, ſhall be
The ſhining Glories of the Land and Sea:
With Courage guard, and Beauty warm our age,
And Lovers fill, with like Poetick rage.

A la Malade.

AH lovely *Amoret*, the care
Of all that know what's good or fair,
Is Heaven become our Rival too?
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you,

So

So amply thence the common end,
Of giving to Lovers, to pretend,
Hence to this pining ſickneſs (meant
To weary thee to a conſent
Of leaving us) no power is given,
Thy Beauties to impair, for Heaven
Solicites thee with ſuch a care,
As Roſes from their ſtalks we tear,
When we would ſtill preſerve them new,
And freſh as on the buſh they grew.
With ſuch a Grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain,
That languiſhing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in ſtorms appear,
Scorch more than when the Skies are clear;
And as pale ſickneſs does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made

In that fair Lodging, ſtill more clear
Make the bright gueſt, your ſoul appear.
So Nymphs o're pathleſs Mountains born,
Their light Robes by the Brambles torn
From their fair Limbs, expoſing new
And unknown beauties to the view
Of following gods, increaſe their flame,
And haſte to catch the flying Game.

Of the Queen.

THe Lark that ſhuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble Neſt, lies ſilent in the Field;
But if the promiſe of a cloudleſs day,
Aurora ſmiling, bids her riſe and play,
Then ſtright ſhe ſhews, 'twas not for want of voice,
Or power to climb, ſhe made ſo low a choice,
Singing ſhe mounts, her airy wings are ſtretcht
Towards heaven, as if from heaven her note ſhe fetcht.

So

So we retiring from the buſie throng,
Uſe to reſtrain th'ambition of our ſong;
But ſince the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the Court indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muſe, like bold *Prometheus* flies
To light her Torch at *Cloriana*'s eyes.

Thoſe Sovereign beams which heal the wounded
And all our cares but once beheld controul; (ſoul
There the pore Lover that has long endur'd
Some proud Nymphs ſcorn, of his fond paſſion cur'd,
Fares like the man who firſt upon the ground
A glo-worm ſpy'd, ſuppoſing he had found
A moving Diamond, a breathing Stone
(For life it had, and like thoſe Jewels ſhone:)
He held it dear, till by the ſpringing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthleſs worm away.

She ſaves the Lover as we Gangreens ſtay,
By cutting hope, like a lop't Limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuſe
High Heaven, and theſe expoſtulations uſe:
Could Nature then no private Woman grace
(Whom we might dare to love) with ſuch a face,
Such a complexion, and ſo radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and ſuch ſharp replies?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our ſight,
What envious power has plac'd this glorious light?
Thus in a Starry night fond Children cry
For the rich ſpangles that adorn the Skie,
Which though they ſhine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one enclin'd,
Her bounty and compaſſion to Mankind:
To whom while ſhe ſo far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promiſe of her face:

For

For Mercy has (could Mercies ſelf be ſeen)
No ſweeter look than this propitious Queen ;
Such guard and comfort the diſtreſſed find
From her large power, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill fate would ruine, it prefers,
For all the Miſerable are made hers.

So the fair Tree whereon the Eagle builds,
Poor Sheep from Tempeſt, and their Shepherd ſhields:
The Royal Bird poſſeſſes all the bows,
But ſhade and ſhelter to the Flock allows.

Joy of our age, and ſafety of the next,
For which ſo oft thy fertile womb is vext :
Nobly contented, for the publick good
To waſte thy ſpirits and diffuſe thy bloud :
What vaſt hopes may theſe Iſlands entertain,
Where Monarchs thus deſcended are to reign ?

Led by Commanders of ſo fair a Line,
Our Seas no longer ſhall our power confine.

A brave Romance who would exactly frame,
Firſt brings his Knight from ſome immortal Dame;
And than a weapon, and a flaming ſhield,
Bright as his mothers eyes he makes him wield.
None might the mother of *Achilles* be,
But the fair Pearl, and glory of the Sea;
The man to whom great *Maro* gives ſuch fame
From the high bed of heavenly *Venus* came;
And our next *Charles*, (whom all the ſtars deſign
Like wonders to accompliſh) ſprings from thine.

Upon the Death of my Lady Rich.

MAY thoſe already curſt *Eſſexian* plains,
Where haſty death and pining ſickneſs reigns,
Prove all a Deſart, and none there make ſtay,
But ſavage Beaſts, or men as wild as they.

There

There the fair light which all our Iſland grac'd,
Like *Hero*'s Taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did finde,
As that expoſed to the boyſterous winde.
Ah cruel Heaven to ſnatch ſo ſoon away
Her, for whoſe life had we had time to pray,
With thouſand vows and tears we ſhould have
That ſad decrees ſuſpenſion to have wrought. (ſought
But we (alaſs) no whiſper of her pain,
Heard till 'twas ſin to wiſh her here again.
That horrid word at once like Lightning ſpread,
Strook all our ears, The Lady *Rich* is dead.
Heart rending news, and dreadful to thoſe few
Who her reſemble, and her ſteps purſue.
That death ſhould licenſe have to rage among
The fair, the wiſe, the vertuous, and the young.
The *Paphian* Queen from that fierce battle born,
With goared hand and veil ſo rudely torn,

Like

Like terror did among th'immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that Goddeſſes may bleed:
All ſtand amazed, but beyond the reſt
Th'heroique Dame whoſe happy womb ſhe bleſt,
Mov'd with juſt grief expoſtulates with Heaven,
Urging the promiſe to the obſequious given,
Of longer life, for ne'r was pious ſoul
More apt t'obey, more worthy to controul.
A skilful eye at once might read the Race
Of *Caledonian* Monarchs in her face,
And ſweet Humility, her look and mind,
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the ſcorn of Vice, and pity too,
For thoſe that did what ſhe diſdain'd to do:
So gentle and ſevere, that what was bad
At once her hatred and her pardon had.
Gracious to all, but where her Love was due,
So faſt, ſo Faithful, Loyal, and ſo True,

That

That a bold hand as ſoon might hope to force
The rouling lights of Heaven, as change her courſe,
Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Inſtruct us to record what ſhe was here:
And when this cloud of ſorrows over-blown,
Through the wide world we'l make her graces (known.
So freſh the wound is, and the grief ſo vaſt,
That all our Art and Power of ſpeech is waſte.
Here paſſion ſways, but there the Muſe ſhall raiſe
Eternal mounments of louder praiſe.
Theer our delight complying with her fame,
Shall have occaſion to recite thy name.
Fair *Sachariſſa*, and now only fair,
To ſacred friendſhip we'l an Altar rear:
Such as the *Romans* did erect of old,
Where on a marble Pillar ſhall be told
The lovely paſſion each to other bare,
With the reſemblance of that matchleſs pair,

Narciſſus

Narciſſus to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like than yours to her fair mind:
Save that you grac'd the ſeveral parts of life,
A ſpotleſs Virgin, and a faultleſs Wife:
Such was the ſweet converſe 'twixt her and you,
As that ſhe holds with her aſſociates now.
How falſe is hope, and how regardleſs fate,
That ſuch a love ſhould have ſo ſhort a date?
Lately I ſaw her ſighing, part from thee
(Alas that ſuch the laſt farewel ſhould be!)
So look't *Aſtræa*, her remove deſign'd,
On thoſe diſtreſſed friends ſhe left behinde:
Conſent in Vertue, knit your hearts ſo faſt,
That ſtill the knot, in ſpight of death does laſt:
For as your tears and ſorrow-wounded ſoul
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole:
So all we know of what they do above,
Is, that they happy are, and that they love.

Let

Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave
Content themſelves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well choſen Love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the Skie:
Then grieve no more, the one ſo Heavenly ſhap'd
The crooked hand of trembling age eſcap'd;
Rather ſince we beheld her not decay,
But that ſhe vaniſh'd ſo entire away.
Her wondrous beauty and her goodneſs merit,
We ſhould ſuppoſe that ſome propitious ſpirit,
In that celeſtial form frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceaſes to appear.

To the Queen-Mother of France *upon her Landing.*

GReat Queen of *Europe* where thy off-ſpring (wears
All the chief Crowns, where Princes are thy heirs.

As

As welcome thou to Sea-girt *Britains* ſhore,
As erſt *Latona* (who fair *Cinthia* bore)
To *Delos* was. Here ſhines a Nymph as bright,
By thee diſclos'd with like increaſe of light.
Why was her joy in *Belgia* confin'd?
Or why did you ſo much regard the wind?
Scarce could the Ocean(though inrag'd)have toſt
Thy Soveraign Bark,but where th'obſequious coaſt
Pays tribute to thy Bed: *Romes* conquering hand
More vanquiſh'd Nations under her command,
Never reduc'd; glad *Berecinthia*, ſo
Among her deathleſs Progeny did go,
A wreath of Flowers adorn'd her reverent head,
Mother of all that on *Ambroſia* fed:
Thy godlike race muſt ſway the age to come,
As ſhe *Olympus*, peopled with her womb.
Would thoſe Commanders of Mankind obey
Their honored Parent, all pretences lay

Down

Down at your Royal feet, compoſe their jarrs,
And on the growing Turk diſcharge theſe Wars:
The Chriſtian Knights that ſacred Tomb ſhould wreſt
From Pagan hands, and Triumph o'r the *Eaſt*;
Our *Englands* Prince and *Gallia*'s Dolphin might
Like young *Rinaldo*, and *Tancredo* fight
In ſingle combate; by their ſword again
The proud *Argantes* and fierce *Soldan* ſlain.
Again, might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your *Thuſcan* Muſe exalt the fight.

To the mutable Fair.

HEre *Cælia* for thy ſake I part
With all that grew ſo neer my heart;
The paſſion that I had for thee,
The Faith, the Love, the Conſtancy,
And that I may ſucceſsful prove
Transform my ſelf to what you love.

Fool

Fool that I was ſo much to prize
Thoſe ſimple virtues you deſpiſe,
Fool that with ſuch dull Arrows ſtrove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove;
For you that are in motion ſtill
Decline our force, and mock our skill.
Who like *Don Quixot* do advance
Againſt a Wind-mill our vain Launce.
Now will I wander through the Air,
Mount, make a ſtoop at every fair,
And with a Fancy unconfin'd
(As lawleſs as the Sea or Wind)
Purſue you wereſoe'r you flye,
And with your various thoughts comply.
The formal Stars do travel ſo,
As we their names and courſes know,
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our Books.

But

But never were the Clouds reduc'd
To any Art, the motion us'd
By thoſe free vapors are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd ſight
Deſpairs to find the rules that guide
Thoſe gilded ſhadows as they ſlide.
And therefore of the ſpacious Air
Joves Royal Conſort had the care:
And by that power did once eſcape,
Declining bold *Ixions* rape;
She with her own reſemblance grac'd
A ſhining cloud which he embrac'd.
Such was that Image, ſo it ſmil'd
With ſeeming kindneſs which beguil'd
Your *Thirſis* lately when he thought
He had his fleeting *Cœlia* caught.
'Twas ſhap'd like her, but for the fair
He fill'd his Arms with yielding Air:

A fate for which he grieves the leſs
Becauſe the gods had like ſucceſs.
For in their ſtory one (we ſee)
Purſues a Nmph, and takes a Tree:
A ſecond with a Lovers haſte
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
But ſhe that did a Virgin ſeem,
Poſſeſt appears a wandring ſtream:
For his ſuppoſed Love a third
Lays greedy hold upon a Bird;
And ſtands amaz'd to find his dear,
A wild inhabitant of the Air.

To theſe old tales ſuch Nymphs as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new,
The Am'rous now like wonders find
In the ſwift changes of your mind.

But *Cælia* if you apprehend
The Muſe of your incenſed friend;

Nor

Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the ſame;
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he ſwears, he'll not complain.
For ſtill to be deluded ſo,
Is all the pleaſure Lovers know,
Who, like good Faulkners take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

Of Salley.

OF *Jaſon*, *Theſeus*, and ſuch Worthies old,
Light ſeem the tales antiquity has told.
Such Beaſts and Monſters as their force oppreſt
Some places only, and ſome times infeſt;
Salley that ſcorn'd all power and Laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,
And future ages threatning with a rude
And ſavage Race ſucceſſively renew'd,

Their King despising with rebellious pride,
And foes profest to all the world beside,
This pest of Mankind gives our *Hero* fame,
And through th'obliged world dilates his name.

The Prophet once to cruel *Agag* said,
As thy fierce sword has Mothers childless made,
So shall the sword make thine; and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword:
Just *Charles* like measures has return'd to these,
Whose Pagan hands had stain'd the troubled Seas;
With ships they made the spoiled Merchant mourn,
With ships their City and them selves are torn.
One squadron of our winged Castles sent
O'r-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent:
For not content the dangers to increase,
And act the part of Tempests in the Seas,
Like hungry Wolves these Pirats from our shore,
Whole flocks of sheep, and ravisht Cattel bore;

Safely

Safely they might on other Nations prey,
Fools to provoke the Soveraign of the Sea:
Mad *Cacus* ſo whom like ill fate perſwades
The herd of fair *Alcmena*'s ſeed invades;
Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,
Sack'd the dark Cave, and cruſh'd that horrid thief.
Morroccos Monarch wondring at this fact,
Save that his preſence his affairs exact,
Had come in perſon to have ſeen and known
The injur'd worlds Revenger, and his own.
Hither he ſends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his Barque proportion'd Preſents bears
To the renown'd for Piety and force,
Poor captives manumiz'd and matchleſs horſe.

Puerperium.

YOu Gods that have the power,
To trouble, and compoſe

All that's beneath your Bower,
Calm ſilence on the Seas, on Earth impoſe.

Fair *Venus* in thy ſoft Arms,
The God of rage confine,
For thy whiſpers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce deſign.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline,
Thou the Flame,
Kindled in his breaſt canſt tame,
With that ſnow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddeſs give this thy ſacred Iſland reſt,
Make Heaven ſmile,
That no ſtorm diſturb us, while
Thy chief care our *Halcyon* builds her neſt.
Great *Gloriana*, fair *Gloriana*,
Bright as high Heaven is, and fertile as Earth,

Whoſe

Whoſe Beauty relieves us,
Whoſe Royal bed gives us
Both Glory and Peace.
Our preſent joy, and all our hopes increaſe.

Of a Lady who writ in praiſe of Mira.

WHile ſhe pretends to make the Graces known
Of matchleſs *Mira*, ſhe reveals her own,
And when ſhe would anothers praiſe indite,
Is by her Glaſs inſtructed how to write,

To one Married to an old Man.

SInce thou wouldſt needs, bewitcht with ſome ill (charms,
Be buried in thoſe monumental arms:
All we can wiſh, is, may that earth lie light
Upon thy tender Limbs, and ſo good night.

To Flavia *Song.*

TIs not your Beauty can ingage
My wary heart:
The Sun in all his pride and rage,
Has not that Art;
And yet he ſhines as bright as you,
If brightneſs could our ſouls ſubdue.
'Tis not the pretty things you ſay
Nor thoſe you write,
Which can make *Thirſis* heart your prey:
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In ſome of our own ſex we find.
No *Flavia*, 'tis your love, I fear,
Loves ſureſt darts,
Thoſe which ſo ſeldom fail him are
Headed with hearts;

Their

Their very ſhadows make us yield,
Diſſemble well and win the field.

The Fall.

SEe how the willing earth gave way
To take th'impreſſion where ſhe lay.
See how the mould as loath to leave
So ſweet a burden, ſtill doth cleave
Cloſe to the Nymphs ſtain'd garment; here
The coming Spring would firſt appear,
And all this place with Roſes ſtrow,
If buſie feet would let them grow;
Here *Venus* ſmil'd to ſee blind Chance
It ſelf, before her Son advance,
And a fair Image to preſent
Of what the Boy ſo long had meant:
Twas ſuch a chance as this made all
The world into this Order fall;

Thus

Thus the first Lovers, on the clay
Of which they were composed lay;
So in their prime with equal grace
Met the first patterns of our Race:
Then blush not (fair) or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble straight,
How could he then support your weight?
How could the Youth alas, but bend
When his whole Heaven upon him lean'd?
If ought by him amiss were done,
Twas that he let you rise so soon.

Of Silvia.

OUr sighs are heard, just Heav'n declares
The sense it has of Lovers cares:
She that so far the rest out-shin'd,
Silvia the fair while she was kind;

As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandſome now:
So when the Skie makes us endure
A ſtorm, it ſelf becomes obſcure.
Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from *Flavia*'s ſelf her name:
Leſt ſhe provoking Heaven ſhould prove
How it rewards neglected Love.
Better a thouſand ſuch as I
Their grief untold ſhould pine and die,
Than her bright morning over-caſt
With ſullen clouds ſhould be defac't.

The Budd.

LAtely on yonder ſwelling buſh,
Big with many a coming Roſe,
This early Bud began to bluſh,
And did but half it ſelf diſcloſe;

I pluck't it, though no better grown,
And now you ſee how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the Leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a purple light they ſhone
As if they had been made of fire,
And ſpreading ſo, would flame anon:
All that was meant by Air or Sun
To the young Flower my breath has done.

If our looſe breath ſo much can do,
What may the ſame inform'd of Love,
Of pureſt Love and Muſick too
When *Flavia* it aſpires to move:
When that, which lifeleſs buds perſwades
To wax more ſoft, her youth invades.

Upon Ben. Johnſon.

MIrror of Poets, mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy ſtage,
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd with her own faults, indures
A remedy like thoſe whom Muſick cures:
Thou haſt alone thoſe various inclinations
Which Nature gives to Ages, Sexes, Nations:
So traced with thy All-reſembling Pen
That what e'r cuſtom has impos'd on men;
Or ill got habit, which deforms them ſo,
That ſcarce a Brother can his Brother know,
Is repreſented to the wondring eyes
Of all that ſee or read thy Comedies:
Who ever in thoſe Glaſſes looks, may find
The ſpots return'd, or graces of his mind:
And by the help of ſo Divine an Art
At leaſure view and dreſs his Nobler part.

Narciſſus

Narcissus couzened by that flatt'ring Well,
Which nothing could but of his Beauty tell,
Had here discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate;
But vertue too, as well as vice, is clad
In Flesh and Blood so well, that *Plato* had
Beheld what his high fancy once embrac't,
Vertue with colours, speech, and motions grac't
The sundry postures of thy copious Muse,
Who would express a thousand Tongues must use;
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy Art,
For as thou couldst all characters impart:
So none could render thine, who still escapes
Like *Proteus* in variety of shapes:
Who was, nor this, not that, but all we find,
And all we can imagine in Mankind.

To Mr. George Sands, *on his Tranſlation of ſome parts of the Bible.*

HOw bold a work attempts that Pen,
Which would inrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of thoſe men,
Who here with the ſame ſpirit ſung,
Wherewith they now aſſiſt the Quire
Of Angels, who their ſongs admire?

What-ever thoſe inſpired ſouls
Were urged to expreſs, did ſhake
The aged deep, and both the Poles;
Their num'rous Thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heaven conſent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say (Sacred Bard) what could beſtow
Courage on thee, to ſoar ſo high?

Tell

Tell me (brave friend) what help'd thee ſo
To ſhake of all Mortality?
To light this Torch, thou haſt climb'd higher,
Than he who ſtole Celeſtial fire.

Chloris *and* Hilas, *Made to a Sarabran.*

Chl. HIlas, O *Hilas*, why ſit we mute,
Now that each Bird ſalutes the Spring?
Wind up the ſlackned ſtrings of thy Lute,
Never canſt thou want matter to ſing:
For love thy Breaſt does fill with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe'r is fair, moves thy deſire.
Hil. Sweeteſt you know, the ſweeteſt of things,
Of various Flowers the Bees do compoſe,
Yet no particular taſte it brings
Of Violet, Woodbind, Pink or Roſe:
So love the reſult is of all the graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſeveral faces.

Chl.

Chl. Hilas, the Birds which chant in this Grove,
Could we but know the Language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant Muſe:
For love their Breſts does fill with ſuch a fire,
That what they once do chuſe, bounds their deſire.

Hil. Chloris, this change the Birds do approve,
Which the warm ſeaſon hither does bring;
Time from your ſelf does further remove
You, than the Winter from the gay Spring:
She that like lightning ſhin'd while her face laſted,
The Oak now reſembles which lightning hath (blaſted.

Under a Ladies Picture.

SUch *Hellen* was, and who can blame the Boy
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his *Troy*?

But had like vertue ſhin'd in that fair Greek,
The am'rous Shepherd had not dar'd to ſeek,
Or hope for pity, but with ſilent moan,
And better fate had periſhed alone.

In anſwer of Sir John Suckling'*s Verſes.*

Con.

STay here fond youth, and ask no more, be wiſe,
Knowing too much, long ſince loſt Paradiſe,

Pro.

And by your knowledge we ſhould be bereft
Of all that Paradiſe which yet is left.

Con.

The vertuous joys thou haſt, thou wouldſt, ſhould ſtil
Laſt in their pride, and wouldſt not take it ill
If rudely from ſweet dreams, and for a toy
Thou awak't, he wakes himſelf that does enjoy.

Pro.

How can the joy or hope which you allow
Be ſtiled vertuous, and the end not ſo?

Talk in your ſleep, and ſhadows ſtill admire.
Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire,
But to ſleep better; for who e're drinks deep
Of this *Nepenthe*, rocks himſelf aſleep.

Con.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but deſtroys,
And while it pleaſeth much, yet ſtill it cloys:
Who thinks he ſhould be happier made for that,
As reaſonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a ſurfeit, this once paſt,
What reliſhes? even kiſſes loſe their taſte.

Pro.

Bleſſings may be repeated, while they cloy,
But ſhall we ſtarve, 'ccauſe ſurfeitings deſtroy?
And if fruition did the taſte impair
Of kiſſes, why ſhould yonder happy pair,
Whoſe joys, juſt *Hymen* warrants all the night,
Comſume the day too in this leſs delight?

Con.

Urge not 'tis neceſſary; alas we know
The homelieſt thing that Mankind does, is ſo.
The world is of a large extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled, children there muſt be,
So muſt bread too, but ſince there are enough
Born to that drudgery; what need we plough?

Pro.

I need not plough, ſince what the ſtooping Hinde
Gets of my pregnant Land, muſt all be mine:
But in this nobler Tillage 'tis not ſo;
For when *Anchiſes* did fair *Venus* know,
What intereſt had poor *Vulcan* in the Boy,
Famous *Æneas*, or the preſent joy?

Con.

Women enjoy'd, what e'retofore they have been,
Are like Romances read, or Scenes once ſeen:
Fruition dulls, or ſpoils the play much more
Thna if one read, or knew the Plot before.

Pr

Pro.

Plays and Romances read, and ſeen, do fall
In our opinions, yet not ſeen at all
Whom would they pleaſe? to an Heroick tale,
Would you not liſten, leſt it ſhould grow ſtale?

Con.

'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear,
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.

Pro.

If 'twere not Heaven, if we knew what it were,
'Twould not be Heaven to thoſe that now are there.

Con.

As in proſpects we are there pleaſed moſt,
Where ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſs; ſo here reſtraint,
Holds up delight, that with exceſs would faint.

Pro.

Reſtraint preſerves the pleaſure we have got,
But he ne'r has it, that enjoys it not.

In goodly prospect who contracts the space,
Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
We wish remov'd what standeth in our light
And nature blame for limiting our sight,
Where you stand wisely winking that the view
Of the fair prospect may be always new.

Con.

They who know all the wealth they have, are poor:
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

Pro.

Not he that knows the wealth he has, is poor,
But he that dares not touch, nor use his store.

To a friend of the different success of their Loves.

THrice happy pair of whom we cannot know,
Which first began to love, or loves most now:
Fair course of passion where two Lovers start,
And run together, heart still yoakt with heart:

Successful

Succeſsful youth, whom love has taught the way
To be victorious in the firſt eſſay.
Sure Love's an Art beſt practiſed at firſt,
And were th'experienc'd ſtill proſper worſt;
I with a different fate purſu'd in vain
The haughty *Cælia*, till my juſt diſdain
Of her neglect, above that paſſion born,
Did pride to pride oppoſe, and ſcorn to ſcorn,
Now ſhe relents, but all too late to move
A heart directed to a Nobler love:
The ſcales are turn'd, her kindneſs weighs no more,
Now, than my vows and ſervice did before:
So in ſome well wrought hangings you may ſee
How *Hector* leads, and how the *Grecians* flee;
Here the fierce *Mars* his courage ſo inſpires,
That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet he fires;
But there from Heaven the blew ey'd Virgin falls,
And frighted *Troy* retires within her Walls.

They that are foremoſt in that bloody Race
Turn head anon, and give the Conqu'rors chace;
So like the chances are of Love and War,
That they alone in this diſtinguiſh'd are:
In love the victors from the vanquiſh'd flie,
They flie that wound, and they purſue that die.

An Apology for having loved before.

THey that never had the uſe
Of the Grapes ſurprizing juyce;
To the firſt delicious cup,
All their Reaſon render up:

Neither do not care to know,
Whether it be beſt or no.
So they that are to love inclin'd;
Sway'd by chance, not Choice or Art,

To the firſt that's fair or kind,
Make a preſent of their heart:

'Tis

'Tis not ſhe that firſt we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To Man that was i'th' evening made,
Stars gave the firſt delight;
Admiring in the gloomy ſhade,
Thoſe little drops of light.

Then at *Aurora*, whoſe fair hand
Remov'd them from the skies,
He gazing towards the *Eaſt* did ſtand,
She entertain'd his Eyes,

But when the bright Sun did appear,
All thoſe he can deſpiſe,
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher riſe;

He neither might, nor wiſht to know
A more refulgent light:

For

For that as mine, your beauties now,
Imploy'd his utmoſt ſight.

To Zelinda.

FAireſt piece of well-form'd Earth,
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The power which you have o're us lies
Not in your Race but in your Eyes:
None but a Prince! alas that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice!
Should you no Honey vow to taſte,
But what the maſter Bees have plac't
In compaſs of their Cells, how ſmall
A portion to your ſhare would fall?
Nor all appear among thoſe few,
Worthy the ſtock from whence they grew:
The ſap which at the Root is bred
In Trees, through all the Boughs is ſpred;

But

But vertues which in Parents ſhine,
Make not like progreſs through the Line.
'Tis not from whom, but where we live;
The place does oft thoſe graces give;
Great *Julius* on the Mountains bred,
A Flock perhaps, or Herd, had led,
He that the world ſubdu'd, had been
But the beſt wreſtler on the Green:
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden Seeds of Native worth;
They blow thoſe ſparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch flames as touch the Skies.
To the old *Heroes* hence was given
A Pedigree which reacht to Heaven;
Of mortal Seed they were not held,
Which other mortals ſo excell'd;
And Beauty too in ſuch exceſs
As yours, *Zelinda* claims no leſs,

Smile but on me, and you ſhall ſcorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can deſcribe the ſhady Grove
Where your lov'd Mother ſlept with *Jove*,
And yet excuſe the faultleſs Dame,
Caught with her Spouſes ſhape and name:
Thy matchleſs form will credit bring
To all the wonders I ſhall ſing.

On Mr. John Fletcher'*s Plays.*

FLetcher, to thee we do not only owe
All our good Playes, but all thoſe other too,
Thy wit repeated, does ſupport the Stage,
Credits the laſt, and entertains this Age,
No Worthies form'd by any Muſe but thine
Could purchaſe Robes, to make themſelves ſo fine.
What brave Commander is not proud to ſee
Thy brave *Melentius* in his Gallantry.

Our

Our greateſt Ladies love to ſee their ſcorn
Out-doneby thine, in what themſelves have worn;
The impatient widow e're the year be done,
Sees thy *Aſpaſia* weeping in her Gown.
I never yet the Tragick ſtrain aſſay'd
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid.
And when I venture at the Comick ſtile,
Thy ſcornful Lady ſeems to mock my toil.
Thus has thy Muſe at once improv'd and marr'd
Our ſport in plays by rendring it too hard;
So when a ſort of luſty Shepherds throw
The Barr by turns, and none the reſt out-go
So farr, but that the beſt are meaſuring caſts,
Their emulation, and their paſtime laſts;
But if ſome braunie Yeoman of the Guard
Step in and toſs the Axletree a yard
Or more beyond the furtheſt mark, the reſt,
Deſpairing ſtand, their ſport is at the beſt.

To Chloris.

CHloris ſince firſt our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increaſe,
And growing miſchiefs make you kind:
So the fair Tree which ſtill preſerves
Her Fruit and State, whilſt no wind blows,
In ſtorms from that uprightneſs ſwerves,
And the glad earth about her ſtrows
With Treaſure from her yielding boughs.

On St. James's *Park as lately improved by His Majeſty.*

OF the firſt Paradiſe there's nothing found,
Plants ſet by Heav'n are vaniſht, and the (ground;
Yet the deſcription laſts; who knows the fate
Of lines that ſhall this Paradiſe relate?

Inſtead

Inſtead of Rivers rowling by the ſide
Of *Edens* Garden, here flows in the Tyde;
The Sea which always ſerv'd his Empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleaſure too:
Of famous Cities we the Founders know;
But Rivers old, as Seas, to which they go,
Are natures bounty; 'tis of more renown
To make a River than to build a Town.
For future ſhade young Trees upon the banks
Of the new ſtream appear in even ranks:
The voice of *Orpheus* or *Amphions* hand
In better order could not make them ſtand;
May they increaſe as faſt, and ſpread their boughs,
As the high Fame of their great Owner grows!
May he live long enough to ſee them all
Dark ſhadows caſt, and as his Pallace tall.
Me-thinks I ſee the love that ſhall be made,
The Lovers walking in that amorous ſhade,

The

The Gallants dancing by the Rivers ſide,
They bath in Summer, and in Winter ſlide.
Me-thinks I hear the Muſick in the Boats,
And the loud Eccho which returns the notes,
Whilſt over head a flock of new ſprung Fowl
Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun controul:
Darkning the Skie they hover o're, and ſhrowd
The wanton Sailors with a feather'd cloud:
Beneath a ſhole of ſilver fiſhes glides,
And plays about the gilded Barges ſides;
The Ladies angling in the Chryſtal Lake,
Feaſt on the waters with the prey they take;
At once victorious with their Lines and Eyes
They make the Fiſhes and the men their prize;
A thouſand *Cupids* on the Billows ride,
And Sea-nymphs enter with the ſwelling Tyde,
From *Thetis* ſent as ſpies to make report,
And tell the wonders of her Soveraign's Court

All that can living feed the greedy Eye,
Or dead the Palat, here you may deſcry,
The choiceſt things that furniſht *Noahs* Ark,
Or *Peters* ſheet, inhabiting this Park:
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whoſe loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the ſpacious Allies lead,
My doubtful Muſe knows not what path to tread:
Yonder the harveſt of cold moneths laid up,
Gives a freſh coolneſs to the Royal Cup,
There Ice like Chryſtal, firm and never loſt,
Tempers hot *July* with *Decembers* froſt,
Winters dark priſon, whence he cannot flie,
Though the warm Spring his enemy draws nigh:
Strange! that extremes, ſhould thus preſerve the ſnow,
High on the *Alps*, or in deep Caves below.

Here a well-polisht Mall gives us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force imploy;
His manly posture and his graceful mine
Vigor and youth in all his motion seen,
His shape so lovely, and his Limbs so strong
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long:
No sooner has he toucht the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than halfe the mall;
And such a fury from his arme has got
As from a smoaking Culverin 'twere shot.

Nere this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
A living Gallery of aged Trees;
Bold sons of earth that thrust their arms so high
As if once more they would invade the Sky;
In such green Palaces the first Kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and Angels entertain'd:
With such old Counsellors they did advise
And by frequenting sacred Groves grew wise;

Free

Free from th' impediments of light and noise
Man thus retir'd his nobler thoughts imploys:
Here *Charles* contrives the ordering of his States,
Here he resolves his neighb'ring Princes fates:
What Nation shall have peace, where War be made
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade;
The world from *India* to the frozen *North*,
Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
His Fancy objects from his view receives,
The prospect thought and contemplation gives:
That seat of Empire here salutes his eye,
To which three Kingdoms do themselves apply,
The structure by a Prelate rais'd, *White-Hall*,
Built with the fortune of *Romes* Capitol;
Both disproportion'd to the present State
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate;
From hence he does that Antique Pile behold,
Where Royal heads receive the sacred gold;

It gives them Crowns, and does their ashes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep
Making the circle of their reign compleat,
Those Suns of Empire, where they rise they set:
When others fell, this standing did presage
The Crown should triumph over popular rage,
Hard by that House where all our ills were shap'd.
Th' Auspicious Temple stood, and yet escap'd.
So snow on *Ætna* does unmelted lie,
Whence rowling flames and scatter'd cinders flie;
The distant Countrey in the ruine shares,
What falls from Heav'n the burning Mountain spares.
Next that capacious Hall, he sees, the room,
Where the whole Nation does for Justice come.
Under whose large roof flourishes the Gown,
And Judges grave on high Tribunals frown.
Here like the peoples Pastor he does go,
His flock subjected to his view below;

On

On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private paſſion does indulgence find;
The pleaſures of his youth ſuſpended are,
And made a ſacrifice to publique care;
Here free from Court-compliances He walks,
And with himſelf, his beſt adviſer, talks;
How peaceful Olive may his Temples ſhade,
For mending Laws, and for reſtoring Trade;
Or how his Brows may be with Laurel charg'd
For Nations conquer'd and our bounds inlarg'd:
Of ancient Prudence here He ruminates,
Of riſing Kingdoms and of falling States:
What ruling Arts gave Great *Auguſtus* Fame,
And how *Alcides* purchas'd ſuch a name:
His eyes upon his native Palace bent
Cloſe by, ſuggeſt a greater argument,
His thoughts riſe higher when he does reflect
On what the world may from that Star expect

Which at his Birth appear'd to let us ſee
Day for his ſake could with the Night agree;
A Prince on whom ſuch different lights did ſmile,
Born, the divided world to reconcile:
What ever Heaven or high extracted blood
Could promiſe or foretell, he will make good;
Reform theſe Nations, and improve them more,
Than this fair Park from what it was before.

To Sir William D'avenant *upon his Two firſt Books of* Gondibert, *written in* France.

THus the wiſe Nightingal that leaves her home,
Her Native Wood, when ſtorms and winter (come,
Purſueing conſtantly the cheerful Spring,
To forein Groves does her old Muſick bring;
The drooping *Hebrews* baniſh'd Harps unſtrung
At *Babylon*, upon the willows hung;

Yours

Yours ſounds aloud, and tells us you excell
No leſs in Courage, than in Singing well;
Whilſt unconcern'd you let your Countrey know,
They have impoveriſhed themſelves, not you;
Who with the Muſes help can mock thoſe Fates
Which threaten Kingdoms, and diſorder States.
So *Ovid* when from *Cæſar*'s rage he fled,
The *Roman* Muſe to *Pontus* with him led;
Where he ſo ſung, that we through pities Glaſs,
See *Nero* milder than *Auguſtus* was.
Hereafter ſuch in thy behalf ſhall be
Th'indulgent cenſure of Poſterity.
To baniſh thoſe who with ſuch Art can ſing,
Is a rude crime which its own curſe does bring:
Ages to come ſhall ne'r know how they fought,
Nor how to Love their preſent Youth be taught.
This to thy ſelf. Now to thy matchleſs Book,
Wherein thoſe few that can with Judgment look,

May find old Love in pure freſh Language told,
Like new ſtampt Coin made out of Angel-gold.
Such truth in Love as th' antique world did know
In ſuch a ſtile as Courts may boaſt of now.
Which no bold tales of Gods or Monſters ſwell,
But humane Paſſions, ſuch as with us dwell.
Man is thy Theme, his Vertue or his Rage
Drawn to the life in each elaborate Page.
Mars nor *Bellona* are not named here;
But ſuch a *Gondibert* as both might fear.
Venus had here, and *Hebe* been out-ſhin'd,
By the bright *Birtha*, and thy *Rhodalind*.
Such is thy happy skill, and ſuch the odds
Betwixt thy Worthies and the *Grecian* gods.
Whoſe Deities in vain had here come down
Where mortal Beauty wears the Soveraign Crown;
Such as of fleſh compos'd, by fleſh and blood
(Though not reſiſted) may be underſtood.

To

To my worthy Friend the Tranſlator of Gratius.

THus by the Muſick we may know
When Noble Wits a Hunting go
Through Groves that on *Parnaſſus* grow.

The Muſes all the Chaſe adorn,
My friend on *Pegaſus* is born,
And young *Apollo* winds the Horn.

Having old *Gratius* in the wind,
No pack of Critiques e're could find
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here Huntſmen with delight may read
How to chuſe Dogs for ſcent or ſpeed,
And how to change or mend the breed.

What Arms to uſe, or Nets to frame,
Wild beaſts to combate or to tame,
With all the Myſteries of that game.

But

But (worthy Friend) the face of War
In antient times does differ far
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like (ſince powder known)
That man ſo cruel to his own,
Should ſpare the race of Beaſts alone.

No quarter now but with the Gun,
Men wait in Trees from Sun to Sun,
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment but a Text
To tell how modern Beaſts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muſe to court the age
With ſomewhat of your proper rage.

Since none does more to *Phœbus* owe,
Or in more Languages can ſhow
Thoſe Arts which you ſo early know.

To the King, upon His Majeſties happy Return.

THe riſing Sun complies with our weak ſight,
Firſt gilds the Clouds, then ſhews his globe of (light
At ſuch a diſtance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his haſty Beams would do.

But your full *MAJESTY* at once breaks forth
In the Meridian of your Reign, Your worth,
Your youth, and all the ſplendor of Your State,
Wrapt up, till now, in clouds of adverſe fate,
With ſuch a floud of light invade our eyes,
And our ſpread hearts with ſo great joy ſurpriſe,
That, if your Grace incline that we ſhould live,
You muſt not (SIR) too haſtily forgive.

Our

Our guilt preſerves us from th'exceſs of joy,
Which ſcatters ſpirits, and would life deſtroy.

All are obnoxious, and this faulty Land
Like fainting *Heſter* does before you ſtand,
Watching your Scepter, the revolted Sea
Trembles to think ſhe did your Foes obey.

Great Britain, like blind *Polipheme*, of late
In a wild rage became the ſcorn and hate
Of her proud Neighbours, who began to think,
She, with the weight of her own force would ſink:
But You are come, and all their hopes are vain,
This Giant-Iſle has got her Eye again;
Now ſhe might ſpare the Ocean, and oppoſe
Your conduct to the fierceſt of her foes:
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad, and now Your Thunder ſhall.

Princes

Princes, that ſaw You, different paſſions prove,
For now they dread the Object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold His height,
Whoſe Converſation was their late delight.
So *Semele* contented with the rape
Of *Jove*, diſguiſed in a mortal ſhape,
When ſhe beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rayes, was with amazement kill'd.

And though it be our ſorrow and our crime
To have accepted life ſo long a time
Without You here, yet does this abſence gain
No ſmall advantage to Your preſent Reign:
For, having view'd the perſons and the things,
The Councils, State and Strength of *Europe*'s Kings,
You know your work; Ambition to reſtrain,
And ſet them bounds, as Heav'n does to the Main
We have you now with ruling wiſdom fraught,
Not ſuch as Books, but ſuch as Practiſe taught:

So

So the loſt Sun, while leaſt by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night, for our concern imploy'd:
He ripens Spices, Fruit, and precious Gums,
Which from remoteſt Regions hither comes.

This ſeat of Yours, from th'other world remov'd,
Had *Archimedes* known, he might have prov'd
His Engines force, fixt here, your power and skill
Make the worlds motion wait upon your will.

Much ſuffering Monarch, the firſt *Engliſh* born
That has the Crown of theſe three Nations worn,
How has your patience, with the barbarous rage
Of your own ſoil, contended half an age?
Till (Your try'd vertue, and Your ſacred Word,
At laſt preventing Your unwilling Sword)
Armies and Fleets, which kept You out ſo long,
Own'd their great Sovereign, and redreſt His wrong
When ſtraight the People, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,

Break

Break forth at once, like Powder ſet on fire,
And with a Noble rage their *KING* require.

So th'injur'd Sea, which from her wonted courſe
To gain ſome Acres, Avarice did force,
If the new Banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old Channel ſtay,
Raging, the late-got Land ſhe overflowes,
And all that's built upon't to ruine goes.

Offenders now, the chiefeſt, do begin
To ſtrive for Grace, and expiate their ſin:
All winds blow fair, that did the world imbroil,
Your Vipers Treacle yield, and Scorpions Oyl.

If then ſuch praiſe the *Macedonian* got,
For having rudely cut the *Gordian* knot;
What Glory's due to him that could divide
Such ravell'd intreſts, has the knot unty'd,

And

And without stroke so smooth a passage made,
Where craft and malice such impeachments laid?

But while we praise You, You ascribe it all
To his high hand, which threw the untoucht wall
Of self-demolisht *Jerico* so low:
His Angel 'twas that did before You go,
Tam'd savage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of Corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus patience crown'd: like *Job's*, your trouble (ends
Having your Foes to pardon, and your Friends:
For, though your Courage were so firm a rock,
What private vertue could endure the shock?
Like your great Master you the storm withstood,
And pitied those who Love with frailty shew'd.

Rude *Indians* torturing all the Royal race,
Him with the Throne and dear-bought Scepter grace

That

That ſuffers beſt : what Region could be found,
Where your heroick Head had not been crown'd?

The next experience of Your mighty mind,
Is, how You combate Fortune now ſhe's kind;
And this way too, you are victorious found,
She flatters with the ſame ſucceſs ſhe frown'd;
While to Your Self ſevere, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd
Of this vaſt Empire you poſſeſs the care,
The ſofter part falls to the Peoples ſhare:
Safety and equal Government are things
Which Subjects make as happy as their Kings.

Faith, Law, and Piety, that baniſht train,
Juſtice and Truth, with You return again:
The Cities Trade, and Countries eaſie life
Once more ſhall flouriſh without fraud or ſtrife.

Your Reign no leſs aſſures the Ploughmans peace,
Than the warm Sun advances his increaſe;
And does the Shepherds as ſecurely keep
From all their fears, as they preſerve their ſheep.
But above all the Muſe inſpired train
Triumph, and raiſe their drooping heads again
Kind Heaven at once has in Your Perſon ſent
Their ſacred Judge, their Guard, and Argument.

Nec magis expreſſi vultus per ænea ſigna
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
Clarorum apparent ——

To my Lady Morton *on* New-years day, 1650. *at the* Louver *in* Paris.

Madam,

NEw years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are ſo kind,
Still as they paſs, they court, and ſmile on you,
And make your Beauty as themſelves ſeem new:

To

To the fair *Villars* we *Dalkith* did prefer,
And faireſt *Morton* now as much to her;
So like the Sun's advance your Titles ſhow,
Which, as he riſes, does the warmer grow.
But thus to ſtile you fair, your Sexes praiſe,
Gives you but Mirtle, who may challenge Bayes;
From armed Foes to bring a Royal prize,
Shews your brave Heart victorious, as your Eyes
If *Judeth* marching with the Generals head
Can give us paſſion when her ſtorie's read,
What may the living do which brought away,
Though a leſs bloudy, yet a nobler prey?
Who from our flaming *Troy*, with a bold hand
Snatch'd her fair Charge, the Princeſs, like a brand,
A brand preſerv'd to warm ſome Princes heart,
And make whole Kingdoms take her Brothers part;
So *Venus* from prevailing Greeks did ſhrowd
The hope of *Rome*, and ſav'd him in a cloud;

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the portraict of our time,
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime.
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night,
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind Nymph changing her faultless shape
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to scape,
When through the Guards, the River, and the Sea;
Faith, Beauty, Wit and Courage, made their way.
As the brave Eagle does with sorrow see
The Forrest wasted, and that lofty Tree
Which holds her Nest about to be o'rethrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away;
So fled the Dame, and o're the Ocean bore
Her Princely burthen to the Gallick shore.

Born

Born in the ſtorms of war, this Royal fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempeſtuous Air,
Though now ſhe flies her native Iſle, leſs kind,
Leſs ſafe for her, than either Sea or Wind,
Shall, when the Bloſſom of her Beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the Britiſh Throne,
Where Peace ſhall ſmile, and no diſpute ariſe,
But which Rules moſt, his Scepter, or her Eyes.

Of a fair Lady playing with a Snake.

STrange that ſuch Horror and ſuch Grace
Should dwell together in one place,
A Furies Arm, an Angels Face.

'Tis innocence and youth which makes
In *Chloris*'s fancy ſuch miſtakes,
To ſtart at Love, and play with Snakes.

By this and by her coldneſs barr'd

Her ſervants have a task too hard,
The Tyrant has a double guard.
Thrice happy Snake, that in her ſleeve
May boldly creep, we dare not give
Our thoughts ſo unconfin'd a leave:
Contented in that neſt of Snow
He lies, as he his bliſs did know,
And to the wood no more would go.
Take heed, (fair *Eve*) you do not make
Another Tempter of this Snake,
A marble one ſo warm'd would ſpeak.

To his worthy Friend Maſter E'velyn *upon his Tranſlation of* Lucretius.

THat Chance and Atomes make this all
In Order Democratical,
Where Bodies freely run their courſe
Without deſign, or Fate, or Force.

In

In Engliſh verſe *Lucretius* ſings
As if with *Pegaſean* wings,
He ſoar'd beyond our utmoſt Sphere,
And other Worlds diſcovered there;
His boundleſs and unruly wit
To nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd thoſe bars,
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas, and Stars,
By which ſhe was before ſuppos'd
By moderate wits to be enclos'd,
Till his free Muſe threw down the Pale
And did at once diſpark them all.
So vaſt this Argument did ſeem
That the great Author did eſteem
The *Roman* Language, which was ſpread
O're the whole world in Triumph led
Too weak, too narrow to unfold
The Wonders which he would have told.

This ſpeaks thy Glory, Noble Friend,
And Brittiſh Language does commend;
For here *Lucretius* whole we find,
His Words, his Muſick, and his Mind,
Thy Art has to our Countrey brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid tranſlated, *Virgil* too
Shew'd long ſince what our tongue could do;
Nor *Lucan* we, nor *Horace* ſpar'd,
Only *Lucretius* was too hard.
Lucretius, like a Fort did ſtand
Untoucht, till your victorious hand
Did from his head this Garland bear
Which now upon your own you wear:
A Garland made of ſuch new Bays,
And ſought in ſuch untrodden ways,
As no mans Temples e're did Crown,
Save this fam'd Authors and your own.

Part of the fourth Book of Virgil *tranſlated, beginning*
——Taleſque miſerrima fletus
Fertque refertque ſoror ——

And ending with,
Adnixi torquent ſpumas & cærula verrunt.

ALl this her weeping Siſter does repeat
To the ſtern man, whom nothing could intreat;
Loſt were her pray'rs, and fruitleſs were her tears,
Fate and great *Jove* had ſtop'd his gentle Ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown Oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way, and that they bend
His reeling Trunk, and with a boiſterous ſound
Scatter his leaves and ſtrew them on the ground:
He fixed ſtands, as deep his root doth lye
Down to the Center, as his top is high.
No leſs on every ſide the *Hero* preſt,
Feels Love and Pity ſhake his Noble breſt,
And down his Cheeks though fruitleſs tears do roul,
Unmov'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul.

Then

Then *Dido* urged with approaching fate
Begins the light of cruel Heaven to hate;
Her resolution to dispatch and dye
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy.
The water consecrate for sacrifice
Appears all black to her amazed eyes,
The Wine to putrid bloud converted flows,
Which from her, none, not her own sister knows.
Besides there stood as sacred to her Lord
A marble Temple which she much ador'd,
With snowy fleeces and fresh Garlands Crown'd,
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful sound.
Her Husbands voice invites her to his Tomb,
And dismal Owls presage the ills to come.
Besides, the prophesies of Wizards old
Increast her terror and her fall foretold.
Scorn'd and deserted to her self she seems,
And finds *Æneas* cruel in her dreams.

So

So, to mad *Pentheus*, double *Thebes* appears,
And furies howl in his diſtempered ears.
Oreſtes ſo with like diſtraction toſt
Is made to fly his Mothers angry ghoſt.
Now grief and fury at their height arrive,
Death ſhe decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved Siſter with a cheerful grace
(Hope well diſſembled ſhining in her face)
She thus deceives: (Dear Siſter) let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the Land of *Æthiopia* lies
The place were *Atlas* does ſupport the Skies;
Hence came an old Magician that did keep
Th' Heſperian fruit, and made the Dragon ſleep;
Her potent charms do troubled ſouls relieve,
And where ſhe liſts, makes calmeſt minds to grieve,
The courſe of Rivers or of Heaven can ſtop,
And call Trees down from th'airy Mountains top.

Witneſs

Witneſs ye Gods, and thou my deareſt part,
How loath I am to tempt this guilty Art!
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed where I my ruine did imbrace.
With all the reliques of our impious gueſt,
Arms, ſpoils, and preſents, let the Pile be dreſt,
(The knowing-woman thus preſcribes) that we
May raze the man out of our memory;
Thus ſpeaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which ſhe doth thoſe ſacred Rites pretend.
Nor worſe effects of grief her Siſter thought
Would follow, than *Sychæus* murder wrought,
Therefore obeys her; and now heaped high
The Cloven Oaks and lofty Pines do lye
Hung all with wreaths and flowry garlands round:
So by her ſelf was her own funeral Crown'd.
Upon the top, the *Trojan*'s image lies,
And his ſharp Sword wherewith anon ſhe dies.

They

They by the Altar ſtand; while with looſe hair
The Magick Prophateſs begins her Prayer,
On *Chao*'s, Erebus, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal ſhades have their aboads,
She loudly calls, beſprinkling all the room
With drops ſuppos'd from *Lethes* lake to come.
Sheſeeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd Coalts, and Herbs by moon-light
A Cake of Leaven in her pious hands (mows.
Holds the devoted Queen: and barefoot ſtands,
One tender foot was bare, the other ſhod,
Her Robe ungirt, invoking every God
And every power, if any be above
Which takes reguard of ill-requited love.
Now was the time when weary mortals ſteep
Their careful Temples in the dew of ſleep.
On Seas, on Earth, and all that in them dwell
A death like quiet, and deep ſilence fell,

But

But not on *Dido*, whoſe untamed mind
Refus'd to be by ſacred night confin'd,
A double paſſion in her breaſt does move
Love and fierce anger for neglected Love.
Thus ſhe afflicts her ſoul, What ſhall I do?
With fate inverted ſhall I humbly wooe?
And ſome proud Prince in wild *Numidia* born
Prey to accept me and forget my ſcorn?
Or ſhall I with th' ungreateful *Trojan* go,
Quit all my State, and wait upon my Foe?
Is not enough by ſad experience known,
The perjur'd race of falſe *Laomedon?*
With my *Sidonians* ſhall I give them chaſe?
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No, dy, and let this ſword thy fury tame,
Nought but thy bloud can quench this guilty flame.
Ah Siſter! vanquiſht with my paſſion thou
Betraid'ſt me firſt, diſpenſing with my vow.

Had

Had I been conſtant to *Sychæus* ſtill
And ſingle-liv'd, I had not known this ill.
Such thoughts torment the Queens inraged breaſt
While the *Dardanian* does ſecurely reſt
In his tall ſhip for ſudden flight prepar'd,
To whom once more the Son of *Jove* appear'd,
Thus ſeems to ſpeak the youthful Deity,
Voice, Hair, and Colour all like *Mercury*.
Fair *Venus* ſeed! Canſt thou indulge thy ſleep?
Nor better guard in ſuch great danger keep,
Mad by neglect to loſe ſo fair a wind?
If here thy ſhips the purple morning find,
Thou ſhalt behold this hoſtile harbour ſhine
With a new Fleet, and Fire, to ruine thine;
She meditates revenge reſolv'd to dye,
Weigh Anchor, quickly, and her fury flye.
This ſaid, the God in ſhades of Night retir'd.
Amaz'd *Æneas* with the warning fir'd

Shakes

Shakes off dull ſleep, and rouzing up his men,
Behold! the Gods command our flight agen;
Fall to your Oars, and all your Canvas ſpread,
What God ſoe're that thou vouchſaf'ſt to lead
We follow gladly and thy will obey,
Aſſiſt us ſtill ſmoothing our happy way,
And make the reſt propitious. With that word
He cuts the Cable with his ſhining ſword;
Through all the Navy doth like Ardor reign,
They quit the ſhoar and ruſh into the Main;
Plac't on their banks, the luſty *Trojans* ſweep
Neptunes ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

Upon a War with Spain, *and a Fight at Sea.*

NOw for ſome Ages had the pride of *Spain*
Made the Sun ſhine on half the world in vain;
While ſhe bid War to all that durſt ſupply
The place of thoſe her cruelty made dye.

Of

Of Natures bounty men forbore to taſte,
And the beſt portion of the Earth lay waſte.
From the new world her ſilver and her gold
Came like a Tempeſt to confound the old,
Feeding with theſe the brib'd Electors hopes,
Alone ſhe gave us Emperours and Popes,
With theſe accompliſhing her vaſt deſigns,
Europe was ſhaken with her *Indian* Mines.
When *Britain* looking with a juſt diſdain
Upon this gilded Majeſty of *Spain*,
And knowing well that Empire muſt decline,
Whoſe chief ſupport and ſinews are of coin,
Our nations ſolid vertue did oppoſe,
To the rich troublers of the worlds repoſe.
And now ſome months incamping on the Main
Our Naval Army had beſieged *Spain*,
They that the whole worlds Monarchy deſign'd,
Are to their Ports, by our bold Fleet confin'd,

From whence our Red-croſs they triumphant ſee
Riding without a Rival on the ſea.
Others may uſe the Ocean as their Road,
Only the *Engliſh* make it their aboad,
Whoſe ready ſails, with every wind can flie,
And make a Cov'nant with the unconſtant skie;
Our Oaks ſecure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a ſteady foot.
Mean while the *Spaniards* in *America*
Near to the Line the Sun approaching ſaw,
And hop'd their *European* coaſts to find
Clear'd from our ſhips by the Autumnal wind,
Their huge capacious Gallions ſtuft with Plate
The labouring winds drive ſlowly towards their fate.
Before St. *Lucar* they their Guns diſcharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a Barge;
This heard ſome ſhips of ours (though out of view)
And ſwift as Eagles to the quarry flew:

So

So heedleſs Lambs which for their Mothers bleat,
Wake hungry Lions and become their meat.
Arriv'd, they ſoon begin that Tragique play,
And with their ſmoaky Cannons baniſh day;
Night, horror, ſlaughter, with confuſion meets,
And in their ſable Arms imbrace the Fleets.
Through yielding Planks the angry Bullets flie,
And of one wound hundreds together dye:
Born under different ſtars one fate they have,
The ſhip their Coffin and the Sea their Grave.
Bold were the Men which on the Ocean firſt
Spread their new ſails, when ſhipwrack was the worſt;
More danger now from Man alone we find
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind;
They that had ſail'd from near th' Antartick Pole
Their Treaſure ſafe and all their veſſels whole,
In ſight of their dear Countrey ruin'd be
Without the guilt of either Rock or Sea.

What they would ſpare our fiercer Art deſtroys,
Surpaſſing ſtorms in Terror and in noiſe;
Once *Jove*, from *Ida* did both Hoſts ſurvey
And when he pleas'd to Thunder, part the fray;
Here Heaven in vain that kind retreat ſhould ſound,
The louder Cannon had the Thunder drown'd,
Some we made prize, while others burnt and rent
With their rich Lading, to the bottom went,
Down ſinks at once (ſo fortune with us ſports)
The pay of Armies and the pride of Courts.
Vain man! whoſe Rage buries as low that ſtore,
As Avarice had digg'd for it before;
What Earth in her dark bowels could not keep
From greedy hands lies ſafer in the deep,
Where *Thetis* kindly does from mortals hide
Thoſe ſeeds of Luxury, Debate and Pride.
And now into her Lap the richeſt prize
Fell with the nobleſt of our Enemies,

The Marquis glad to ſee the fire deſtroy
Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy,
Out from his flaming ſhip his children ſent
To periſh in a milder Element;
Than laid him by his burning Ladies ſide,
And ſince he could not ſave her, with her dy'd.
Spices and Gums about them melting fry,
And *Phænix* like in that rich neſt they dye;
Alive in flames of equal love they burn'd
And now together are to aſhes turn'd;
Aſhes more worth than all their funeral coſt,
Than the huge Treaſure, which was with them loſt.
Theſe dying Lovers, and their floating Sons
Suſpend the Fight and ſilence all our Guns,
Beauty and Youth about to periſh finds
Such Noble pity in brave *Engliſh* minds,
That the rich ſpoil forgot, their valours prize,
All labour now to ſave their Enemies.

How frail our paſſions! how ſoon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly Care?
They that but now for Honour and for Plate
Made the ſea bluſh with bloud, reſign their hate,
And their young foes Endeav'ring to retrive,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.

Epitaph *to be written under the Latine inſcription upon the Tomb of the only Son of the Lord* Andover.

TIs fit the *Engliſh* Reader ſhould be told
In our own Language what this Tomb do's hold,
'Tis not a Noble Corps alone do's lye
Under this ſtone, but a whole Family;
His Parents pious Care, their Name, their Joy,
And all their Hope, lies buried with this Boy,
This lovely youth, for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.

Had

Had there been ſpace, and years enough allow'd,
His Courage, wit, and breeding, to have ſhow'd,
We had not found in all the numerous Rowl
Of his fam'd Anceſtors, a greater ſoul,
His early Vertues to that antient ſtock
Gave us much Honour, as from thence he took.

Like Buds appearing e're the froſts are paſt,
To become Man he made ſuch fatal haſte,
And to perfection labour'd ſo to climb,
Preventing ſlow Experience and Time,
That 'tis no wonder death our hopes beguil'd;
He's ſeldom Old, that will not be a Child.

To the Queen upon Her Majeſties Birth-day, after Her happy recovery from a dangerous ſickneſs.

FArewel the Year which threatned ſo
The faireſt Light the World can ſhow;
Welcome the New, whoſe every day
Reſtoring what was ſnatch'd away

By pining ſickneſs from the fair,
That matchleſs Beauty does repair
So faſt that the approaching Spring,
Which do's to Flowry Meadows bring
What the rude Winter from them tore,
Shall give her all ſhe had before.
But we recover not ſo faſt
The ſenſe of ſuch a danger paſt;
We that eſteem'd You ſent from Heav'n,
A pattern to this Iſland giv'n,
To ſhew us what the Bleſs'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here,
When that which we immortal thought,
We ſaw ſo neer Deſtruction brought
Felt all which you did then endure
And tremble yet, as not ſecure;
So though the Sun victorious be,
And from a dark Ecclipſe ſet free,

Th'In-

Th' Influence which we fondly fear
Afflicts our Thoughts the following Year.
But that which may Relieve our care,
Is that You have a Help ſo near
For all the Evils you can prove,
The Kindneſs of your Royal Love:
He that was never known to Mourn,
So many Kingdoms from him Torn,
His Tears reſerv'd for You, more dear,
More priz'd than all thoſe Kingdoms were:
For when no healing Art prevail'd,
When Cordials and Elixars fail'd,
On your pale Cheek he dropt the ſhour
Reviv'd you like a Dying flour

Nunc itaque & verſus & cætera ludicra pono,
Quid verum, *atque decens, curo, & rogo, & omnis in hoc*
(ſum.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER:

For the Drawing of the Posture and Progress of His Majesties Forces at Sea under the Command of His *HIGHNESS*-ROYAL.

Together with

The Battel and Victory obtained over the *Dutch*, *June*, 3. 1665.

FIrst draw the Sea, That portion which between
The greater World, and this of ours is seen;
Here place the *Brittish*, there the *Holland* Fleet,
Vast floating Armies, both prepar'd to meet:
Draw the whole world, expecting who should
After this Combate, o're the conquer'd Main; (Reign,
Make Heav'n concern'd and an unusual Star
Declare th'Importance of th' approaching War:

Make

Make the Sea ſhine with Gallantry, and all
The *Engliſh* Youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke, whoſe early Deeds abroad,
Such Rage in Fight, and Art in conduct ſhow'd;
His bright Sword now a dearer Int'reſt draws,
His Brothers Glory, and His Countries Cauſe.

Let thy bold Pencil, Hope, and Courage ſpread
Through the whole Navy, by that *Heroe* led;
Make all appear, where ſuch a Prince is by
Reſolv'd to Conquer, or reſolv'd to Die:

With His Extraction, and His Glorious mind
Make the proud Sails ſwell, more than with the wind;
Preventing Cannon, make His louder Fame
Check the *Batavians*, and their Fury tame:
So hungry Wolves, though greedy of their prey,
Stop when they find a Lion in their way.
Make him beſtride the Ocean, and Mankind
Ask His conſent, to uſe the Sea and Wind:

While

While his tall ſhips in the barr'd Channel ſtand,
He graſpes the *Indies* in His Armed Hand.
Paint an *Eaſt* wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuſe of *Holland* for their Navies ſtay;
Make them look pale, and the bold Prince to ſhun,
Through the cold *North*, and Rocky Regions run;
To find the Coaſt where Morning firſt appears,
By the dark Pole the wary *Belgain* ſteers,
Confeſſing now, He dreads the *Engliſh*, more
Than all the dangers of a frozen Shore,
While from our Arms ſecurity to find,
They flie ſo far, they leave the Day behind:
Deſcribe their Fleet abandoning the Sea,
And all their Merchants left a wealthy Prey;
Our firſt ſucceſs in War, make *Bacchus* Crown,
And half the Vintage of the Year our own:
The *Dutch* their Wine, and all their Brandee loſe,
Diſarm'd of that, from which their courage grows;

While

While the glad *Engliſh*, to relieve their toil,
In Healths to their great leader drink the ſpoil:
His high Command to *Africks* Coaſt extend,
And make the *Moors* before the *Engliſh* bend:
Thoſe barbarous Pirates willingly receive
Conditions, ſuch as we are pleas'd to give;
Deſerted by the *Dutch*, let Nations know,
We can our own, and their great buſineſs do;
Falſe friends chaſtiſe, and common foes reſtrain,
Which worſe than Tempeſts did infeſt the Main.
Within thoſe *Streights* make *Hollands Smirna*-Fleet
With a ſmall Squadron of the *Engliſh* meet;
Like Falcons theſe, thoſe like a numerous Flock
Of Foul, which ſcatter to avoid the Shock;
There paint Confuſion in a various ſhape
Some ſink, ſome yield, and flying ſome eſcape:
Europe and *Africa* from either Shore
Spectators are, and hear our Cannon roar,

While the divided world, in this agree,
Men that Fight so, deserve to rule the Sea.

But neerer home, thy Pencil use once more,
And place our Navy by the *Holland* shore;
The World they compass'd while they fought with *Spain*,
But here already they resign the Main:
Those greedy Mariners, out of whose way,
Diffusive Nature could no Region lay,
At home preserv'd, from Rocks and Tempests lie,
Compell'd, like others, in their Beds to die;
Their single Towns th'*Iberian* Armies prest,
We all their Provinces at once invest,
And in a Month, Ruine their Traffique more,
Than that long War, could in an Age before.
But who can always on the Billows lie?
The watry Wilderness yields no supplie;
Spreading our Sails, to *Harwich* we resort,
And meet the Beauties of the *Brittish* Court,

Th' Il-

Th' Illuſtrious Dutcheſs, and her Glorious Train,
Like *Thetis* with her Nymphs adorn the Main;
The gazing Sea-gods, ſince the *Paphian* Queen
Sprung from among them, no ſuch ſight had ſeen;
Charm'd with the Graces of a Troop ſo fair,
Thoſe deathleſs Powers for us themſelves declare,
Reſolv'd the Aid of *Neptunes* Court to bring,
And help the Nation where ſuch Beauties ſpring;
The Souldier here his waſted ſtore ſupplies,
And takes new valour from the Ladies Eyes:
Mean while like Bees when ſtormy winter's gone,
The *Dutch* (as if the Sea were all their own)
Deſert their Ports, and falling in their way
Our *Hambourg* Merchants are become their Prey;
Thus flouriſh they, before th' approaching Fight,
As dying Tapers give a blazing Light.
To check their Pride, our Fleet halfe victual'd goes
Enough to ſerve us till we reach our Foes,

Who

Who now appear ſo numerous and bold,
The Action worthy of our Arms we hold;
A greater force than that which here we find,
Ne're preſs'd the Ocean, nor employ'd the Wind.
Reſtrain'd a while by the unwelcome night,
Th' impatient *Engliſh* ſcarce attend the Light;
But now the Morning, Heav'n ſeverely clear,
To the fierce Work Indulgent does appear;
And *Phœbus* lifts above the Waves his Light,
That he might ſee, and thus record the Fight:

As when loud Winds from different Quarters ruſh,
Vaſt Clouds incountring, one another cruſh,
With ſwelling Sails, ſo, from their ſeveral Coaſts,
Joyn the *Batavain* and the *Britiſh* Hoaſts;
For a leſs Prize, with leſs Concern and Rage,
The *Roman* Fleets at *Actium* did Engage;
They for the Empire of the World they knew,
Theſe for the Old Contend, and for the New:

At

At the firſt ſhock, with Blood, and Powder ſtain'd,
Nor Heav'n, nor Sea, their former face retain'd;
Fury and Art produce Effects ſo ſtrange,
They trouble Nature, and her Viſage change:
Where burning Ships the baniſh'd Sun ſupply,
And no Light ſhines, but that by which men dye,
There *YORK* appears, ſo prodigal is he
Of Royal Blood as ancient as the Sea,
Which down to him, ſo many Ages told,
Has through the veins of Mighty Monarchs roll'd;
The great *Achilles* march'd not to the Field,
Till *Vulcan* that impenetrable Shield
And Arms had wrought; yet there no Bullets flew,
But Shafts & Darts, which the weak *Phrygians* threw;
Our bolder *Heroe* on the Deck does ſtand
Expos'd the Bulwark of his Native Land,
Defenſive Arms laid by, as uſeleſs here,
Where maſſie Balls the Neighbouring Rocks do tear:

Some Power unſeen thoſe Princes does protect,
Who for their Countrey thus themſelves neglect.
Againſt *Him* firſt *Opdam* his Squadron leads,
Proud of his late ſucceſs againſt the *Swedes*,
Made by that Action, and his high Command,
Worthy to periſh by a Princes Hand:
The tall *Batavain* in a vaſt ſhip rides,
Bearing an Army in her hollow ſides,
Yet not inclin'd the *Engliſh* ſhip to board,
More on his Guns relies, then on his Sword,
From whence a fatal Volly we receiv'd,
It miſs'd the Duke, but His Great Heart it griev'd,
Three worthy Perſons from His ſide it tore,
And dy'd His Garment with their ſcatter'd Gore:
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,
More to be valu'd than a thouſands Lives!
On ſuch a Theatre, as this, to dye,
For ſuch a cauſe, and ſuch a Witneſs by!

Who

Who would not thus a Sacriſice be made,
To have his Blood on ſuch an Altar laid?
The reſt about Him ſtrook with horror ſtood,
To ſee their Leader cover'd o're with blood;
So trembl'd *Jacob*, when he thought the ſtains
Of his Sons Coat had iſſued from his veins:
He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought,
Before for Honour, now Revenge He fought,
His friends in pieces torn, the bitter news
Not brought by Fame, with His own Eies He views;
His mind at once reflecting on their Youth,
Their Worth, their Love, their Valour & their Truth,
The joys of Court, their Mothers and their Wives
To follow Him abandon'd, and their Lives,
He ſtorms, and ſhoots; but flying Bullets now
To execute His Rage, appear too ſlow;
They miſs, or ſweep but common Souls away,
For ſuch a loſs, *Opdam* his life muſt pay:

Encouraging His Men, He gives the Word,
With fierce intent that hated ſhip to Board,
And make the guilty *Dutch*, with His own Arm,
Wait on His Friends, while yet their Blood is warm;
His winged Veſſel like an Eagle ſhows,
When through the Clouds to truſs a Swan ſhe goes;
The *Belgian* ſhip unmov'd, like ſome huge Rock
Inhabiting the Sea, expects the ſhock:
From both the Fleets Mens eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the buſineſs of the day;
Bullets their flight, and Guns their noiſe ſuſpend,
The ſilent Ocean does th'event attend,
Which Leader ſhall the doubtful vict'ry bleſs,
And give an earneſt of the Wars ſucceſs;
When Heav'n it ſelf for *England* to declare,
Turns Ship, and Men, and Tackle into Air;
Their new Commander from his Charge is toſt,
Which that young Prince had ſo unjuſtly loſt,

Whoſe

Whoſe great Progenitors with better Fate,
And better Conduct ſway'd their Infant State.
His flight tow'rds Heav'n th' aſpiring *Belgian* took,
But fell like *Phaeton* with Thunder ſtrook,
From vaſter hopes than his, he ſeem'd to fall,
That durſt attempt the *Brittiſh* Admiral:
From her Broad-ſides a ruder Flame is thrown.
Than from the fiery Chariot of the Sun;
That bears the radiant Enſign of the day,
And ſhe the Flag that Governs in the Sea.
The Duke ill pleas'd that Fire ſhould thus prevent
The work which for His brighter ſword He meant,
Anger ſtill burning in His valiant breaſt,
Goes to compleat Revenge upon the reſt;
So on the guardleſs Herd their Keeper ſlain,
Ruſhes a Tyger in the *Lybian* Plain.
The *Dutch* accuſtom'd to the raging Sea,
And in black Storms the frowns of Heav'n to ſee,

Never met Tempeſt which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince His look appears;
Fierce, Goodly, Young, *Mars* he reſembles, when
Jove ſends him down, to ſcourge perfidious Men,
Such as with foul Ingratiude have paid
Both thoſe that Led, and thoſe that gave them Aid:
Where He gives on, diſpoſing of their Fates,
Terror and Death on His loud Cannon waits,
With which He pleads His Brothers Cauſe ſo well,
He ſhakes the Throne to which he does appeal;
The Sea with ſpoil His angry Bullets ſtrow,
Widows and Orphans making as they go;
Before His ſhip, fragments of Veſſels torn,
Flags, Arms, and *Belgian* Carcaſſes are born,
And His deſpairing Foes to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their Canvas to invite the Wind:
So the rude *Boreas* where he liſts to blow
Makes clouds above, and Billows flie below,

Beating

Beating the ſhore, and with a boiſterous rage
Does Heav'n at once, and Earth, and Sea ingage:
The Dutch elſewhere, did through the watry field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But *Engliſh* Courage growing as they fight.
In danger, noiſe, and ſlaughter takes delight,
Their bloody Task, unwearied ſtill, they ply,
Only reſtrain'd by Death, or Victory:
Iron and Lead, from Earths dark Entrails torn,
Like ſhow'rs of Hail from either ſide are born;
So high the Rage of wretched Mortals goes,
Hurling their Mothers Bowels at their Foes,
Ingenious to their ruine, every Age
Improves the Arts, and Inſtruments of Rage;
Death-haſt'ning ills nature enough has ſent,
And yet Men ſtill a thouſand more invent.
But *Bacchus* now which led the *Belgians* on
So fierce at firſt, to favour us begun;

Brandee and Wine, their wonted friends, at length
Render them uſeleſs, and betray their ſtrength:
So Corn in Fields, and in the Garden Flowers,
Revive, and raiſe themſelves with moderate ſhowers;
But over-charg'd with never-ceaſing Rain,
Become too moiſt, and bend their heads again:
Their reeling ſhips on one another fall,
Without a Foe enough to ruine all:
Of this Diſorder, and the favouring wind,
The watchful *Engliſh* ſuch advantage find,
Ships fraught with Fire among the heap they throw,
And up the ſo intangled *Belgians* blow;
The Flame invades the Powder-rooms, and then
Their Guns ſhoot Bullets, and their Veſſels Men;
The ſcorcht *Batavians* on the Billows float,
Sent from their own to paſs in *Charon*'s Boat.
And now our Royal Admiral, Succeſs
With all the marks of Victory does bleſs;

The

The burning ſhips, the taken, and the ſlain
Proclaim His Triumph o're the conquer'd Main:
Nearer to *Holland* as their haſty flight
Carries the noiſe and tumult of the Fight,
His Cannons roar, fore-runner of His Fame,
Makes their *Hague* tremble, and their *Amſterdam*;
The *Brittiſh* Thunder does their Houſes rock,
And the Duke ſeems at every door to knock;
His dreadful Streamer like a Comets hair
Threatning Deſtruction, haſtens their Deſpair,
Makes them deplore their ſcatter'd Fleet as loſt,
And fear our preſent Landing on their Coaſt.
The trembling *Dutch* th' approaching Prince be-
As Sheep a Lion leaping tow'rds their Fold; (hold
Thoſe Piles which ſerve them to repel the Main
They think too weak His fury to reſtrain:
What wonders may not *Engliſh* valour work,
Led by th'Example of victorious *YORK*?

Or

Or what Defence againſt Him can they make,
Who at ſuch diſtance does their Countrey ſhake?
His fatal Hand their Bulwarks will o'rethrow,
And let in both the Ocean and the Foe:
Thus cry the People, and their Land to keep,
Allow our Title to command the deep,
Blaming their States ill Conduct to provoke
Thoſe Arms which freed them from the *Spaniſh* yoke.

Painter, excuſe me, if I have a while
Forgot thy Art, and us'd another Stile;
For though you draw Arm'd *Heroes* as they ſit;
The Taske in Battel does the Muſes fit;
They in the dark confuſion of a Fight
Diſcover all, inſtruct us how to write,
And Light and Honour to brave Actions yield,
Hid in the Smoak and tumult of the Field.
Ages to come ſhall know that Leaders toil,
And His Great Name on whom the Muſes ſmile;

Their

Their Dictates here let thy fam'd Pencil trace
And this Relation with thy Colours grace.
Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met,
And our Great Monarch, High above Them ſet,
Like young *Auguſtus* let His Image be,
Triumphing for that victory at Sea,
Where *Ægypts* Queen, and *Eaſtern* Kings o'rethrown,
Made the Poſſeſſion of the World His own.
Laſt draw the Commons at His Royal Feet,
Pouring out Treaſure to ſupply His Fleet;
They vow with Lives and Fortunes to maintain
Their Kings Eternal Title to the Main,
And with a Preſent to the Duke approve
His Valour, Conduct, and His Countreys Love.

TO

To the King.

GREAT SIR, Diſdain not in this piece to ſtand
Supream Commander both of Séa and Land:
Thoſe which Inhabit the Celeſtial Bower,
Painters expreſs with Emblems of their Power;
His Club *Alcides*, *Phœbus* has his Bow,
Jove has his Thunder, and your Navy You.

But Your Great Providence no Colours here
Can Repreſent, nor Pencil draw that Care
Which keeps You waking, to ſecure our Peace,
The Nations Glory, and our Trades increaſe;
You for theſe Ends whole days in Council ſit,
And the Diverſions of Your Youth forget.

Small were the worth of Valour and of Force,
If Your High Wiſdom Govern'd not their Courſe;

You

You as the Soul, as the firſt Mover You
Vigor and Life on every Part beſtow,
How to build Ships, and dreadful Ordnance caſt,
Inſtruct the Artiſts, and reward their Haſte:
So *Jove* himſelf, when *Typhon* Heav'n does brave,
Deſcends to viſit *Vulcan*'s ſmoaky Cave,
Teaching the Brawny *Cyclops* how to frame
His Thunder mixt with Terror, Wrath and Flame.
Had the old *Greeks* diſcover'd Your abode,
Crete had not been the Cradle of their God,
On that ſmall Iſland they had look'd with ſcorn,
And in *Great Britain* thought the Thunderer born.

TO

To a Friend of the AUTHORS; A Person of Honour.

Supposed to be the Lord Berkley *of* Berkley.

Who lately writ a Religious Book, Entituled, *Historical Applications, and occasional Meditations upon several Subjects.*

BOld is the Man that dares ingage
For Piety in such an Age.
Who can presume to find a Guard
From Scorn, when Heaven's so little spar'd:
Divines are pardon'd, they defend
Altars on which their Lives depend:
But the Prophane impatient are
When Nobler Pens make this their care.
For why should these let in a Beam
Of Divine Light to trouble them;
And call in doubt their pleasing Thought,

That

That none believes what weare taught?
High Birth and Fortune warrant give,
That ſuch men write what they believe:
And feeling firſt what they indite,
New credit give to ancient Light.
Amongſt theſe few our Author brings
His well-known pedigree from Kings.
This Book, the Image of his Mind,
Will make his Name not hard to find.
I wiſh the Throng of *Great* and *Good*
Made it leſs eas'ly underſtood.

To Mr. Henry Lawes, *who had then newly ſet a Song of mine in the year* 1635.

VErſe makes *Heroick* vertue live,
But you can life to Verſes give:
As when in open Air we blow
The Breath (though ſtrain'd) ſounds flat and low,

But

But if a Trumpet take the blaſt,
It lifts it high, and makes it laſt:
So in your Ayrs our Numbers dreſt
Make a ſhrill ſally from the Breſt
Of Nymphs, who ſinging what we pen'd,
Our paſſions to themſelves commend,
While Love victorious with thy Art
Governs at once their Voice and Heart
You by the help of Tune and Time
Can make that Song which was but Rime.
Noy pleading, no man doubts the Cauſe
Or queſtions Verſes ſet by *LAWES.*
As a Church window thick with Paint
Lets in a light but dimm and faint;
So others with Diviſion hide
The light of ſence, the Poets pride,
But you alone may truly boaſt
That not a Syllable is loſt;

At

The Writers and the Setter's skill
At once the raviſht Ears do fill.
Let thoſe which only warble long,
And Gargle in their Throats a Song,
Content themſelves with *UT*, *RE*, *MI*,
Let Words and Sence be ſet by thee.

Upon Her Majeſties New Buildings at Somerſet-Houſe.

GReat Queen, that does our Iſland bleſs,
With Princes and with Palaces;
Treated ſo ill, chac'd from your Throne,
Returning, you adorn the Town,
And with a brave Revenge do ſhow,
Their Glory went and came with you;
While Peace from hence, and you were gone
Your houſes in that Storm o'rethrown,
Thoſe wounds which Civil Rage did give,
At once you Pardon and Relieve:

Conſtant to *England* in your love,
As Birds are to their wonted Grove,
Though by rude hands their Neſts are ſpoil'd,
There, the next Spring again they build:
Accuſing ſome malignant Star,
Not *Britain*, for that fatal War,
Your Kindneſs baniſhes your Fear,
Reſolv'd to fix for ever here:
But what new Myne this work ſupplies?
Can ſuch a pile from Ruine riſe?
This like the firſt Creation ſhows,
As if at your Command it roſe;
Frugality, and Bounty too,
Thoſe differing virtues meet in you;
From a Confin'd well mannag'd ſtore
You both imploy, and feed the poor:
Let Foreign Princes vainly boaſt
The rude effects of Pride, and Coſt,

Of

Of vaſter Fabriques to which They
Contribute nothing, but the Pay:
This, by the Queen her ſelf deſign'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind;
The State and Order does proclaim
The Genius of that Royal Dame,
Each part with juſt proportion grac'd,
And all to ſuch advantage plac'd,
That the fair view her Window yields,
The Town, the River, and the Fields
Entring, Beneath us, we deſcry,
And wonder how we came ſo high;
She needs no weary ſteps aſcend,
All ſeems before her feet to bend,
And here, as She was born, She lies
High, without taking pains to riſe.

On the picture of a fair Youth taken after he was dead.

AS gather'd Flowers, whilst their wounds are new,
Look gay and fresh, as on the stalk they grew,
Torn from the root that nourisht them, a while,
Not taking notice of their Fate, they smile,
And in the hand, which rudely pluckt them, show
Fairer than those that to their Autumne grow;
So Love and Beauty, still that visage grace,
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place,
Alive the hand of crooked age had marr'd
Those lovely features, which cold death has spar'd.
No wonder then ——
The rest is lost.

Epigramme upon the Golden Medal.

OUr Guard upon the Royal side,
On the Reverse, Our Beautie's pride

Here

Here we diſcern, the frown and ſmile,
The force, and Glory of our Iſle;
In the rich Medal both ſo like
Immortals ſtand, it ſeems antique
Carv'd by Some Maſter, when the bold
Greeks made their *Jove* deſcend in Gold,
And *Danae* wondring at that ſhow r,
Which falling, ſtorm'd her brazen Towr;
Britania there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with Golden Rain;
Thunder it ſelf had fail'd to paſs,
Vertue's a ſtronger Guard then Braſs

Of a Tree cut in Paper.

FAir hand that can on virgin Paper write,
Yet from the ſtain of Ink preſerve it white,
Whoſe travel o're that Silver Field does ſhow,
Like track of Leveretts in morning ſnow;

Love's Image thus in pureſt minds is wrought,
Without a ſpot, or blemiſh to the thought;
Strange that your fingers ſhould the Pencil foyl
Without the help of Colours, or of Oyl;
For though a Painter Boughs and Leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and ſhake,
Whoſe Breath ſalutes your new created Grove
Like Southern winds, and makes it gently move;
Orpheus could make the Forreſt dance, but you
Can make the Motion and the Forreſt too.

To a Lady from whom he received the foregoing Copy which for many years had been loſt.

NOthing lies hid from radiant eyes,
All they ſubdue become their ſpies,
Secrets, as choiceſt Jewels are
Preſented to oblige the fair,

No

No wonder then, that a loſt thought
Should there be found, where ſouls are caught:
The Picture of fair *Venus*, That,
For which, men ſay, The Goddeſs ſate,
Was loſt, till *Lilly* from your Look,
Again that Glorious Image took;
If vertue's ſelf were loſt, we might
From your fair mind new Copies write:
All things but one you can reſtore,
The heart you get returns no more.

The Night-piece, or a Picture drawn in the dark.

DArkneſs, which faireſt Nymphs diſarms,
Defends us ill from *Mira*'s charms,
Mira can lay her Beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,

Quit all that *Lilly*'s Art can take,
And yet a thouſand Captives make;
Her ſpeech is grac't with ſweeter ſound,
Than in anothers ſong is found,
And all her well-plac'd words are Darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts;
As the bright Stars and milky way,
Show'd by the Night, are hid by day;
So we in that accompliſht mind,
Helpt by the night, new graces find,
Which by the ſplendor of her view
Dazled before we never knew;
While we converſe with her, we mark
No want of Day, nor think it dark;
Her ſhining Image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers night;
Like Jewels to advantage ſet,
Her Beauty by the ſhade does get;

There, bluſhes, frowns, and cold diſdain,
All that, our Paſſion might reſtrain
Is hid, and our Indulgent mind
Preſents the fair *Idea* kind;
Yet friended by the night, we dare,
Only in whiſpers, tell our care;
He that on her his bold hand lays
With *Cupids* pointed Arrows plays,
They, with a touch, they are ſo keen,
Wound us unſhot, and ſhe unſeen;
All neer approaches threaten death,
We may be Shipwrackt by her breath.
Love favour'd once, with that ſweet gale,
Doubles his haſte, and fills his Sail,
Till he arrive, where ſhe muſt prove
The Heaven, or the Rock, of Love;
So we th' *Arabian* Coaſt do know,
At diſtance, when the Spices blow,

By

By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither Day, nor Stars appear.

Of English Verse.

POets may boast [as safely vain]
Their work shall with the world remain
Both bound together, live, or dye,
The Verses and the Prophecy.

But who can hope his lines should long
Last in a daily changing Tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails,
And as that dies, our Language fails;

When Architects have done their part
The Matter may betray their Art,
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built Palace down.

Poets that lasting Marble seek
Must carve in *Latine* or in *Greek*,

We

We write in Sand, our Language grows,
And like the Tide our work o're flows.
Chaucer his Sence can only boaſt,
The glory of his numbers loſt,
Years have defac'd his matchleſs ſtrain;
And yet he did not ſing in vain,
The Beauties which adorn'd that age
The ſhining Subjects of his rage,
Hoping they ſhould immortal prove
Rewarded with ſucceſs his love,
This was the generous Poets ſcope
And all an *Engliſh* Pen can hope
To make the fair approve his Flame.
That can ſo far extend their Fame.
Verſe thus deſign'd has no ill fate
If it arrive but at the Date
Of fading Beauty, if it prove
But as long liv'd as preſent love.

Sung

Sung by Mrs. Knight, *to Her Majesty on Her Birth-day.*

THis happy day two Lights are seen,
A Glorious Saint, a Matchless Queen;
Both nam'd alike, both Crown'd appear,
The Saint above, th' *Infanta* here:
May all those years which *Catherine*,
The Martyr did for Heav'n resign
Be added to the Line
Of your blest life amongst us here,
For all the pains that She did feel,
And all the Torments of Her Wheel:
May you as many Pleasures share;
May Heaven it self content
With *Catherine* the Saint
Without appearing old;
An hundred times may you,

With

With eyes as bright as now
This Welcome day behold.

To his Worthy Friend Sir Thomas Higgons, *upon his Tranſlation of the* Venetian Triumph.

THe winged Lions not ſo fierce in Fight
As Liberi's hand preſents him to our ſight,
Nor would his pencil make him half ſo fierce
Or roar ſo loud as *Buſinello*'s verſe:
But your Tranſlation does all three excel,
The Fight the Piece and lofty *Buſinel:*
As their ſmall Gallies may not hold compare
With our tall Ships, whoſe Sails imploy more Aire,
So does th' Italian to your Genius vaile,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler Gale:
Thus while your Muſe ſpreads the *Venetian* ſtory,
You make all Europe emulate her Glory:

You

You make them blush, weak *Venice* should defend
The cause of Heaven, while they for words contend,
Shed Christian Blood and populous Cities raze,
Because th' are taught to use some different Phraze:
If listning to your Charms we could our Jars
Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars,
Our British Arms the sacred Tomb might wrest
From Pagan hands and Triumph o're the East,
And then you might our own high deeds recite
And with great *Tasso* celebrate the Fight.

Epitaph.

HEre lyes *Charles Candish*, let the marble Stone
That hides his Ashes make his virtue known:
Beauty and valour did his short life grace,
The Grief and Glory of his noble race:
Early abroad he did the world survey,
As if he knew he had not long to stay;

Saw

Saw what Great *Alexander* in the Eaſt,
And mighty *Julius* conquer'd in the Weſt;
Then with a mind, as great as theirs, he came
To find at home occaſion for his Fame;
Where dark Confuſion did the Nations hide,
And where the Juſter was the weaker ſide.
Tow Loyal Brothers took their Soveraign's part,
Imploy'd their Wealth, their Courage and their Art;
The Elder did whole Regiments afford,
The younger brought his conduct and his Sword,
Born to command, a Leader he began,
And on the Rebels laſting Honour won:
The Horſe inſtructed by their General's worth,
Still made the King victorions in the North;
Where *Candiſh* fought the Royalliſt prevaild,
Neither his Iudgment nor his Courage faild;
The Current of his victories found no ſtop,
Til *Cromwell* came, his parties chiefeſt prop,

Equal ſucceſs had ſet theſe Champions high,
And both reſolved to conquer or to dye:
Vertue with Rage, Fury with Valour ſtrove,
But that muſt fall which is decreed above.
Cromwell with odds of number and of Fate
Remov'd this Bulwark of the Church and State,
Which the ſad Iſſue of the War declar'd,
And made his task to ruine both leſs hard:
So when the bank neglected is overthrown
The Boundleſs Torrent doth the Country drown.
Thus fell the Young, the Lovely and the Brave,
Strow Bays and Flowers on his honoured Grave.

To the Dutcheſs of Orleans, *when She was taking leave of the Court at* Dover.

THat Sun of Beauty did among us riſe,
England firſt ſaw the Light of your fair eyes;
In Engliſh too your early wit was ſhown;
Favour that Language which was then your own,
When, thô a Child, through guards you made your (way,
What Fleet or Army could an Angel ſtay?
Thrice happy Brittain! if ſhe could retain
Whom ſhe firſt bred within her ambient main.
Our late-burnt *London* in apparel new
Shooke off her aſhes to have treated you;
But we muſt ſee our Glory ſnatcht away,
And with warm tears increaſe the guilty Sea:
No wind can favour us how e're it blowes,
We muſt be wreckt and our dear Treaſure looſe:

Sighs will not let us half our ſorrows tell;
Fair, Lovely, Great and beſt of Nymphs, Farewell.

Written on a Card that Her Majeſty tore at Ombra.

THe Cards you tare in value riſe,
So do the wounded by your Eyes:
Who to Celeſtial things aſpire,
Are by that paſſion raiſ'd the higher.

To the Dutcheſs, when he preſented this Book to Her Royal Highneſs.

Madam,

I Here preſent you with the Rage,
And with the Beauties of a former Age;
Wiſhing you may with as great pleaſure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you:

T'

Thus we writ then, your brighter Eyes inſpire,
A nobler Flame, and raiſe our Genius higher:
While we your Wit and early Knowledge fear,
To our productions we become ſevere;
Your matchleſs Beauty gives our Fancy wing,
Your Iudgment makes us careful how we ſing.
Lines not compoſd, as heretofore, in haſt,
Poliſht like Marble, ſhall like Marble laſt;
And make you through as many Ages ſhine,
As *Taſſo* has the Hero's of your Line:
Thô other names our wary Writers uſe,
You are the ſubject of the *Brittiſh* Muſe,
Dilating Miſchief to your ſelf unknown,
Men write, and dye, of wounds they dare not own;
So the bright Sun burns all our graſs away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

These Verses were writ in the Tasso *of Her Royal Highness.*

TASSO knew how the fairer Sex to Grace,
But in no one, durst all perfection place.
In her alone, that owns this Book, is seen,
Clorinda's Spirit, and her lofty meen;
Sophronia's Piety, *Erminia*'s Truth,
Armida's Charms, her Beauty and her youth.
Our Princess here, as in a Glass dos dress
Her well taught mind, and every Grace express
More to our Wonder, than *Rinaldo* faught;
The Hero's race excells the Poets thought:

Upon our late Loſs of the Duke of Cambridg.

THe failing Bloſſoms which a young Plant bears,
Ingage our hope for the ſucceding years:
And hope is all which Art or nature brings
At the firſt Tryal to accompliſh things.
Mankind was firſt Created an Eſſay;
That ruder Draft the Deludge waſht away:
How many Ages paſt, what blood and toyle
Before we made one Kingdom of this Iſle?
How long in vain had Nature ſtrivd to frame
A Perfect Princeſs e're her Highneſs came?
For Joys ſo great we muſt with patience wait,
Tis the ſet price of happyneſs compleat.
As a Firſt-fruit Heaven claim'd that Lovely Boy,
The next ſhall live and be the Nations Joy.

Tranſlated out of Spaniſh.

THô we may ſeem importunate,
While your Compaſſion we implore,
They whom you make too Fortunate
May with preſumtion vex you more.

Of the Lady Mary *&c.*

AS once the Lion Hony gave,
Out of the ſtrong ſuch ſweetneſs came,
A Royal Hero no leſs brave
Produc'd this ſweet, this Lovely Dame:
To her the Prince that did oppoſe
Such mighty Armies in the Field,
And *Holland* from Prevailing foes
Could ſo well free, himſelf does yield:
Not *Belgia*'s Fleet (his high Command)
Which Triumphs where the Sun does riſe,

Nor

Nor all the Force he leads by Land
Could guard him from her conquering Eyes.
Orange with youth, experience has;
In Action young, in Council old:
Orange is what *Auguſtus* was,
Brave, Wary, Provident, and Bold,
On that fair Tree, which bears his name
Bloſſoms and fruit at once are found;
In him we all admire the ſame,
His Flowry youth with wiſdom Crown'd:
Empire and freedom Reconcil'd,
In *Holland* are by Great *Naſſaw*;
Like thoſe he ſprung from, Juſt and mild,
To willing People He gives Law:
Thrice Happy pair! ſo near Ally'd
In Royal blood, and virtue too:
Now Love has you together ty'd
May none this Triple knot undo.

The Church ſhall be the happy place
Where ſtreams which from the ſame ſource run;
Thô divers Lands a while they grace,
Unite again and are made one
A Thouſand thanks the Nation owes
To him that does Protect us all;
For while he thus his Neece beſtowes,
About our Iſle he builds a Wall;
A Wall like that which *Athens* had,
By th' Oracles advice of wood,
Had theirs been ſuch as *Charles* has made,
That mighty State till now had ſtood.

To the Servant of a fair Lady, this Copy of Verſes being omitted in the former Edition

Fair Fellow-Servant, may your gentle Ear
Prove more propitious to my ſlighted care,

Than

Than the bright Dames we ſerve, for her relief
(Vext with the long expreſſions of my grief)
Receive theſe plaints, nor will her high diſdain
Forbid my humble Muſe to court her Train:
Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets thoſe Arrows which confound us ſo.
A thouſand Cupids in thoſe Curls do ſit,
Thoſe Curious Nets thy ſlender Fingers knit:
The Graces put not more exactly on
Th' attire of Venus, when the ball ſhe won,
Than that young Beauty by thy care is dreſt
When all our youth prefers her to the reſt.
You the ſoft ſeaſon know when beſt her mind
May be to pitty or to love inclin'd;
In ſome well choſen hour ſupply his fear,
Whoſe hopeleſs love durſt never tempt the ear
Of that ſtern Goddeſs, you (her Prieſt) declare
What offerings may propitiate the Fair,

Rich

Rich Orient Pearl, bright Stones that n're decay
Or pollisht lines which longer last then they:
For if I thought she took delight in those,
To where the Cheerful Morn dost first disclose,
(The shadie night removing with her Beams)
Wing'd with bold love, I'de flie to fetch such gems;
But since her Eyes, her Teeth, her lipp excels,
All that is found in Mines or fishes shels;
Her nobler part as far exceeding these,
None but Immortal gifts her mind should please:
The shining Iewels *Greece*, and *Troy* bestow'd;
On *Spartan*'s Queen her lovely neck did lode,
And snowy wrists, but when the Town was burnd:
Those faiding Glories were to Ashes turn'd,
Her Beauty too had perisht and her fame,
Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the Flame.

Upon

Upon the Earl of Roſcommons *Tranſlation of* Horace de Arte Poetica: *And of the uſe of Poetry.*

ROme was not better by her *Horace* taught
Than we are here, to comprehend his thought;
The Poet writ to Noble *Piſo*, there,
A noble *Piſo* do's inſtruct us here,
Gives us a pattern in his flowing ſtile,
And with rich Precepts do's oblige our Iſle;
Brittain, whoſe Genious is in verſe expreſt
Bold and ſublime, but negligently dreſt;
Horace will our ſuperfluous Branches prune,
Give us new rules, and ſet our harp in tune,
Direct us how to back the winged Horſe,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force,

Thô

Thô Poets may of Inſpiration boaſt.
Their Rage ill govern'd, in the Clouds is loſt;
He that proportion'd wonders can diſcloſe,
At once his fancy and his Iudgment ſhowes,
Chaſt moral writing, we may learn from hence
Neglect of which no wit can recompence;
The Fountain which from *Helicon* proceeds,
That ſacred ſtream ſhould never water weeds,
Nor make the Crop of thorns and thiſtles grow
Which Envy or perverted nature ſow;
Well ſounding verſes are the Charm we uſe,
Heroick thoughts, and vertue to infuſe;
Things of deep ſence we may in Proſe unfold,
But they move more, in lofty numbers told;
By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſence, perſwades,
The Muſe's friends unto himſelf ſevere,
With ſilent pity looks on all that Err;

But where a brave, a publick Action ſhines
That he rewards with his Immortal Lines;
Whether it be in Council or in Fight,
His Countrey's Honour is his chief delight;
Praiſe of great Acts, he ſcatters as a ſeed,
Which may the like, in coming Ages breed:
Here taught the fate of Verſes, always priz'd
With admiration, or as much deſpiſ'd,
Men will be leſs indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts;
Poets loſe half the praiſe they ſhould have got,
Could it be known, what they diſcreetly blot.
Finding new words, that to the Raviſht Ear
May like the Language of the Gods appear,
Such as of old, wiſe Bards employ'd, to make
Unpoliſht men their wild retreats forſake,
Law giving Heroes, fam'd for taming Bruets,
And raiſing Citties with their Charmings Lutes,

For

For rudeſt minds, with Harmony were caught,
And civil Life was by the Muſes taught,
So wandring Bees would periſh in the Air,
Did not a ſound, proportion'd to their Ear,
Appeaſe their rage, invite them to the Hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive
To rob the Flowers, and to forbear the ſpoil,
Preſerv'd in Winter by their Summers toyl,
They give us food, which may with nectar vie,
And Wax, that do's the abſent Sun ſupply.

A Speech

A Speech at a Conference of both Houſes.

This Speech having been Printed in the Firſt Edition, and not well Recited in Mr. Ruſhworth's *Collections, is here exact according to the firſt Copy.*

My Lords,

I Am commanded by the Houſe of Commons, to preſent you with theſe Articles againſt Mr. Juſtice ——— which when your Lordſhips ſhall have been pleaſed to have read, I ſhall take leave (according to Cuſtome) to ſay ſomething of what I have Collected from the ſenſe of the Houſe of Commons, concerning the Crimes therein contained.

Then the Charge was read, containing his Extrajudicial Opinions ſubſcribed, and Judgment given for Ship-Money; and afterwards a Declaration in his Charge at an Aſſize, That Ship-Money was ſo inherent a Right in the Crown, that it would not be in the Power of Parliament to take it away.

My Lords, Not only my Wants, but my Affections render me leſs fit for this Imployment: For tho' it has not been my Happineſs to have the Law a part of my Breeding, there is no Man honours that Profeſſion more, or has a greater Reverence towards the grave Judges, the Oracles thereof. Out of Parliament all our Courts of Juſtice are governed or directed by them, and when a Parliament is Call'd if your Lordſhips were not aſſiſted by them, and the Houſe of Commons by other Gentlemen of that Robe among them, Experience tells us it might run a hazard of being ſtiled *Parliamentum Indoctorum*: But as all Profeſſions

are

are obnoxious to the Malice of the Profeſſors, and by them moſt eaſily betraied; ſo (my Lords) theſe Articles have told you how theſe Sons of the Law have torn out the Bowels of their Mother; how theſe Brothers of the Coyf are become *Fratres in malo:* But this Judg (whoſe Charge you laſt heard) in one Expreſſion of his, excels no leſs his Fellows, than they have done the worſt of their Predeceſſors, in this Conſpiracy againſt the Commonwealth: Of the judgment for Ship-Money, and thoſe Extra-judicial opinions preceding the ſame (wherein they are jointly concerned) you have already heard: How unjuſt and pernicious a proceeding that was in ſo publick a Cauſe, has been ſufficiently expreſs'd to your Lordſhips, but this Man adding Diſpair to our Miſery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-Money was a right ſo inherent in the Crown, that it would not be in the Power of an Act of Parliament to take it away: Herein (my Lords) he did not only give as deep

a Wound to the Commonwealth as any of the rest, but dipt his Dart in such a Poyson, that so far as in him lay, it might never receive a Cure: As by those abortive Opinions subscribing to the subversion of our Propriety, before he heard what could be said for it, he prevented his own; so by this Declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the Judgment of your Lordships too, and to confine the Power of Parliaments, the only place where this Mischief might be redrest: Sure he is more wise and learned than to believe himself in this Opinion, as not to know how ridiculous it would appear to a Parliament, and how dangerous to himself; and therefore no doubt but by saying, no Parliament could abolish this Judgment, his meaning was, that this Judgment had abolish'd Parliaments: This Imposition of Ship-Money springing from a pretended necessity, was it not enough that it was now grown Annual, but he must entail it upon the State for ever, at once making Necessity inherent

to

to the Crown, and Slavery to the Subject? Necessity, which dissolving all Law, is so much more prejudicial to his Majesty than to any of us, by how much the Law has invested his Royal State with a greater Power, and ampler Fortune: For so undoubted a truth it has ever been, that Kings as well as Subjects, are involv'd in the Confusion which Necessity produces; that the Heathen thought their Gods also obliged by the same, *Pareamus necessitati quam nec Homines nec dii superant:* This Judg then having in his Charge at the Assize declared the dissolution of the Law, by this suppos'd Necessity, with what Conscience could he at the same Assize proceed to Condemn and Punish Men, unless perhaps he meant the Law was still in force for our Destruction, and not for our Preservation? That it should have power to Kill, but none to Protect us? A thing no less horrid, than if the Sun should burn without lighting us, or the Earth serve only to Bury, and not Feed and Nourish us. But

(my Lords) to demonſtrate that this was a ſuppoſiticious impos'd Neceſsity, and ſuch as they could remove when they pleas'd, at the laſt Convention in Parliament, a price was ſet upon it, for twelve Subſidies you ſhall reverſe this Sentence: It may be ſaid, that ſo much Money would have removed the preſent Neceſſity; for twelve Subſidies you ſhall never ſuffer Neceſſity again, you ſhall for ever aboliſh that Judgment; here this Myſtery is reveal'd, this Vizour of Neceſſity is pull'd off; and now it appears that this Parliament of Judges had very franckly and bountifully preſented his Majeſty with 12 Subſidies to be levied on your Lordſhips, and the Commons. Certainly there is no Priviledg which more properly belongs to a Parliament, than to open the Purſs of the Subject; and yet theſe Judges, who are neither capable of ſitting among us in the Houſe of Commons, nor with your Lordſhips otherwiſe than as your Aſſiſtants, have not only aſſum'd to themſelves this Priviledg of Parliament,

liament, but preſum'd at once to make a Preſent to the Crown of all that either your Lordſhips or the Commons of *England* do, or ſhall hereafter poſſeſs. And becauſe this Man has had the boldneſs to put the Power of Parliament in Ballance with the Opinion of the Judges, I ſhall intreat your Lordſhips to obſerve, by way of Compariſon, the ſolemn and ſafe Proceeding of the one, with the Precipitate diſpatch of the other. In Parliament (as your Lordſhips know well) no new Law can Paſs, or old be Abbrogated, till it has been thrice Read with your Lordſhips, thrice in the Commons Houſe, and then it receives the Royal Aſſent; ſo that it is like Gold ſeven times Puriſied; whereas theſe Judges by this reſolution of theirs, would perſuade his Majeſty that by naming Neceſsity, he might at once diſſolve (at leaſt ſuſpend) the great Charter 32 times confirm'd by his Royal Progenitors, the Petition of Right, and all other Laws provided for the maintainance of the Right and Pro-

priety of the Subject: A ſtrange force (my Lords) in the ſound of this word *Neceſſity*, that like a Charm it ſhould ſilence the Laws, while we are diſpoil'd of all we have. For that but a part of our Goods was taken, is owing to the Grace and Goodneſs of the King; for ſo much as concerns the Judges, we have no more left than they perhaps may deſerve to have, when your Lordſhips ſhall have paſſed Judgment upon them: This for the neglect of their Oaths, and betraying that publick Truſt, which for the Conſervation of our Laws was repoſed in them. Now for the cruelty and unmercifulneſs of this Judgment you may pleaſe to remember, that in the old Law, they were forbid to ſeeth a Kid in its Mothers Milk, of which the received interpretation is, that we ſhould not uſe that to the deſtruction of any Creature, which was intended for its preſervation: Now (my Lords) God and Nature has given us the Sea as our beſt Guard againſt our Enemies, and our Ships as our greateſt Glory above other Nations,

Nations, and how barbarouſly would theſe Men have let in the Sea upon us at once to waſh away our Liberties, and to overwhelm, if not our Land, all the Propriety we have therein, making the Supply of our Navy a pretence for the Ruine of our Nation; for obſerve, I beſeech you, the fruit and conſequence of this Judgment, how this Money has proſpered, how contrary an effect it has had to the end for which they pretended to take it; on every County a Ship is annually Impos'd, and who would not expect, but our Seas by this time ſhould be covered with the number of our Ships? Alas (my Lords) the daily Complaints of the decay of our Navy, tells us how ill Ship-Money has maintain'd the Soveraignty of the Sea; and by the many Petitions which we receive from the Wives of thoſe miſerable Captives at *Algier* (being between four and five thouſand of our Country-men) it does too evidently appear, that to make us Slaves at Home, is not the way to keep us from being made Slaves A-

broad;

broad; ſo far has this Judgment been from relieving the preſent, or preventing the future Neceſsity, that as it changed our real Propriety into the ſhadow of a Propriety, ſo of a feigned it has made a real Neceſsity. A little before the approach of the *Gauls* at *Rome*, while the *Romans* had yet no apprehenſion of that danger, there was heard a Voice in the Air, louder than ordinary, The *Gauls* are come; which Voice after they had ſack'd the City, and beſieged the Capital, was held ſo Ominous, that *Livie* relates it as a Prodigie; this Anticipation of Neceſſity ſeems to have been no leſs Ominous to us, theſe Judges like ill-boading Birds have call'd Neceſsity upon the State in a time when I dare ſay they thought themſelves in greateſt ſecurity: But if it ſeem Superſtitious to take this as an Omen, ſure I am, we may look on it as a cauſe of the unfeigned Neceſſity we now ſuffer, for what regret and diſcontent had this Judgment bred among us? And as when the Noiſe and Tumult in a

private

private House grows so loud as to be heard into the Streets, it calls in the next Dwellers either kindly to appease, or to make their own use of the Domestick Strife; so in all likelihood our known discontents at Home have been a concurrent cause to invite our Neighbors to visit us so much to the expence and trouble of both these Kingdoms. And here, my Lords, I cannot but take notice of the sad effects of this Oppression, the ill influence it has had upon the ancient Reputation and Valour of the *English* Nation: And no wonder, for if it be true that Oppression makes a Wise Man mad, it may well suspend the Courage of the Valiant: The same happened to the *Romans*, when for Renown in Arms they most excell'd the rest of the World; the Story is but short, 'twas in the time of the *Decemviri* (and I think the chief Troublers of our State may make up that number). The *Decemviri*, my Lords, had subverted the Laws, suspended the Courts of Justice, and (which was the greatest grie-

vance

vance both to the Nobility and People) had for some Years omitted to assemble the Senate, which was their Parliament ; this says the Historian, did not only deject the *Romans* and make them despair of their Liberty, but caused them to be less valued by their Neighbors: The *Sabines* take the advantage and invade them ; and now the *Decemviri* are fore'd to call the long-desired Senate whereof the People were so glad, that *Hostibus, Belloque gratiam habuerunt:* This Assembly breaks up in discontent, nevertheless the War proceeds, Forces are raised, led by some of the *Decemviri*, and with the *Sabines* they meet in the Field: I know your Lordships expect the event: My Authors words of his *Countrymen* are these, *Ne quid ductu aut auspicio Decemvirorum prospere gereretur, vincise patiebantur.* They chose rather to suffer a present diminution of their Honour, than by Victory to confirm the tyrany of their new Masters: At their return from this unfortunate Expedition after some Distempers and Expostulations

tions of the People, another Senate, that is a ſecond Parliament is call'd, and there the *Decemviri* are queſtioned, deprived of their Authority, Impriſoned, Baniſhed, and ſome loſe their Lives; and ſoon after this Vindication of their Liberties, the *Romans* by their better ſucceſs made it appear to the World, that liberty and courage dwells always in the ſame Breſt, and are never to be divorced. No doubt, my Lords, but your Juſtice ſhall have the like effect upon this diſpirited People; 'tis not the reſtitution of our ancient Laws alone, but the reſtauration of our ancient Courage which is expected from your Lordſhips: I need not ſay any thing to move your juſt Indignation, that this Man ſhould ſo cheaply give away that which your Noble Anceſtors with ſo much Courage and Induſtry had ſo long maintain'd: You have often been told how careful they were, though with the hazard of their Lives and Fortunes, to derive thoſe Rights and Liberties as entire to Poſterity, as they received them from their

Fathers,

Fathers, what they did with Labour you may do with Eaſe, what they did with danger you may do ſecurely: The Foundation of our Laws is not ſhaken with the Engine of War, they are only blaſted with the breath of theſe Men, and by your Breath they may be reſtored. What Judgments your Predeceſſors have given, and what Puniſhments their Predeceſſors have ſuffer'd for Offences of this nature, your Lordſhips have already been ſo well informed, that I ſhall not trouble you with a repetition of thoſe Precedents: Only, my Lords, ſomthing I ſhall take leave to obſerve of the Perſon with whoſe Charge I have preſented you, that you may the leſs doubt of the wilfulneſs of his Offence. His Education in the Inns of Court, his conſtant practice as a Councellor, and his experience as a Judg (conſidered with the Miſchief he has done) makes it appear that this progreſs of his through the Law, has been like that of a diligent ſpie through a Country, into which he meant to conduct an Enemy.

To

To let you ſee he did not offend for Company, there is one Crime ſo peculiar to himſelf, and of ſuch Malignity, that it makes him at once uncapable of your Lordſhips Favour, and his own ſubſiſtence incompatible with the Right and Property of the Subject For if you leave him in a capacity of interpreting the Laws, has he not already declared his Opinion, that your Votes, and Reſolutions againſt Ship-Money are void, and that it is not in the power of a Parliament to aboliſh that Judgment? To him, my Lords, that has thus plaid with the Power of Parliament, we may well apply what was ſaid to the Goat brouſing on the Vine:

Rode, caper, vitem, tamen hinc cum ſtabis ad aras,
In tua quod fundi Cornua poſſit, erit:

He has cropt and infringed the Priviledges of a Baniſh'd Parliament, but now it is return'd, he may find it has Power enough

to

to make a Sacrifice of him, to the better Eſtabliſhment of our Laws; and in truth, what other ſatisfaction can he make to his injured Country, then to confirm by his example thoſe Rights and Liberties which he had ruin'd by his Opinion? For the Proofs, my Lords, they are ſo manifeſt, that they will give you little trouble in the diſquiſition: His Crimes are already upon Record, the Delinquent and the Witneſs is the ſame; having from ſeveral Seats of Judicature, proclaim'd himſelf an Enemy to our Laws and Nation, *Ex ore ſuo judicabitur.* To which purpoſe I am commanded by the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes, of the Houſe of Commons, to deſire your Lordſhips that as ſpeedy a Proceeding may be had againſt Mr. Juſtice —— as the Courſe of Parliaments will permit.

A Poem

OF
Divine Love.

6. CANTO'S.

1. *Asserting the authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is reveal'd.*

2. *The preference and Love of God to man in the Creation.*

3. *The same Love more amply declared in our redemption.*

4. *How necessary this Love is to reform Mankind, and how excellent in it self.*

5. *Shewing how happy the World would be if this Love were universally embrac'd.*

6. *Of preserving this Love in our memory, and how useful the contemplation thereof is.*

CANTO I.

THe Grecian Muſe has all their Gods ſurviv'd,
Nor Jove at us, nor Phœbus is arriv'd;
Frail Dieties, which firſt the Poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their Fancies aid!
Yet if they ſtill divert us with their Rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better Age?
When not from *Helicons* Imagin'd Spring,
But ſacred Writ, we borrow what we Sing:
This with the fabrick of the World begun,
Elder than Light, and ſhall out-laſt the Sun.
Before this Oracle (like *Dagon*) all
The falſe pretenders, *Delphos*, *Hammon*, fall;
Long ſince deſpis'd, and ſilent they afford
Honour and Triumph, to th' Eternal Word.

As

As late Philosophy our Globe has grac'd,
And rowling Earth among the Plannets plac'd,
So has this Book intitl'd us to Heav'n,
And rules to guide us to that Mansion giv'n:
Tells the conditions, how our Peace was made,
And is our Pledge for the great Authors aid;
His Power in nature's ampler Book we find,
But the less Volume does express his mind;
This light unknown, bold *Epicurus* taught,
That his blest Gods vouchsafe us not a thought,
But unconcern'd, let all below them slide,
As fortune do's, or humane wisdom, guide.
Religion thus remov'd, the sacred Yoke,
And band of all Society is broke:
What use of Oaths, of Promise, or of Test,
Where men reguard no God but Interest?
What endless War would Iealous Nations teare,
If none above, did witness what they swear?

Sad fate of unbelievers, (and yet juſt,)
Among themſelves to find ſo little truſt!
Were Scripture ſilent nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falſhood and our ſhame.
To know our thoughts, the Object of his Eyes,
Is the firſt ſtep, t'wards being good, or wiſe;
For thô with Judgment we on things reflect,
Our Will determines, not our Intellect;
Slaves to their Paſſion, Reaſon men imploy,
Only to compaſs what they would enjoy;
His fear, to guard us from our ſelves, we need,
And ſacred Writ, our Reaſon do's exceed;
For thô Heaven ſhows the Glory of the Lord,
Yet ſomething ſhines more Glorious in his Word,
His mercy this (which all his work excells)
His tender kindneſs, and compaſſion tells,
While we inform'd by that Celeſtial Book,
Into the Bowells of our Maker look.

Love

Love there reveal'd, which never ſhall have end,
Nor had beginning, ſhall our Song commend,
Deſcribe it ſelf, and warme us with that flame,
Which firſt from Heav'n, to make us Happy, came.

CANTO II.

THe fear of Hell, or ayming to be Bleſt,
Savours too much of private Intereſt;
This mov'd not *Moſes*, nor the Zealous *Paul*,
Who for their Friends abandon'd Soul and all;
A greater yet, from Heav'n to Hell deſcends,
To ſave and make his Enemies his Friends:
What line of Praiſe can fathom ſuch a Love,
Which reacht the loweſt bottom from above?
The Royal Prophet, that extended Grace,
From Heav'n to Earth, meaſur'd but half that ſpace;
The Law was regnant, and confin'd his thought,
Hell was not conquer'd, when that Poet wrote;

Heav'n was ſcarce heard of, until he came down
To make the Region, where Love Triumphs, known;
That early Love of Creatures yet unmade,
To frame the World th' Almighty did perſwade;
For Love it was, that firſt Created Light,
Mov'd on the waters, chac'd away the Night
From the rude *Chaos*, and beſtow'd new Grace
On things diſpos'd of, to their proper place;
Some to reſt here, and ſome to ſhine above,
Earth, Sea, and Heav'n, were all th' Effects of Love.
And Love would be return'd; but there was none
That to themſelves, or others yet were known;
The World a Palace was, without a Gueſt,
Till one appears, that muſt excel the reſt:
One like the Author, whoſe Capacious mind;
Might by the Glorious work, the Maker find,
Might meaſure Heav'n, and give each Star a name,
With Art and Courage the rough Ocean tame;

Over

Over the Globe, with ſwelling Sails might go,
And that 'tis round, by his experience know,
Make ſtrongeſt Beaſts Obedient to his will,
And ſerve his uſe, the fertile Earth to Till.

When by his Word, God had accompliſht all,
Man to Create, he did a Council call;
Imployd his hand, to give the duſt he took
A graceful figure, and Majeſtick Look;
With his own breath, convei'd into his breaſt
Life and a Soul, fit to command the reſt,
Worthy alone to Celebrate his name
For ſuch a gift, and tell from whence it came;
Birds Sing his prayſes, in a wilder note,
But not with laſting numbers, and with thought:
Mans great prerogative; but above all
His grace abounds, in his new favorites fall.

If he Create, it is a World he makes;
If he be ang'ry, the Creation ſhakes;

rom his juſt wrath our guilty parents fled,
He curſt the Earth, but bruis'd the Serpents head.
A midſt the ſtorm, his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promiſe of the Virgins ſeed;
Thô Juſtice death, as ſatisfaction craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our Graves.

CANTO III.

NOt willing Terror ſhould his Image move,
He gives a pattern of Eternal Love;
His Son deſcends, to treat a Peace with thoſe,
Which were, and muſt have ever been his foes;
Poor he became, and left his Glorious ſeat
To make us humble, and to make us great;
His buſineſs here was happineſs to give
To thoſe, whoſe malice could not let him live;
Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
For us reſolv'd to periſh, he refus'd;

While

While they ſtood ready to prevent his loſs,
Love took him up, and nayl'd him to the Croſs.
Immortal Love, which in his Bowells reign'd,
That we might be, by ſuch a Love conſtrayn'd
To make return of Love; upon this pole
Our duty does, and our Religion rowle.
To Love is to believe, to hope, to know,
Tis an Eſſay, a taſt of Heav'n belowe.

He to proud Potentates would not be known,
Of thoſe that Lov'd him, he was hid from none;
Till Love appear, we live in anxious doubt,
But ſmoak will vaniſh, when that flame breaks out.
This is the fire, that would conſume our droſs,
Refine, and make us richer by the loſs.

Could we forbear diſpute, and practice Love,
We ſhould agree, as Angels doe above;
Where Love preſides; not Vice alone do's find
No entrance there, but Vertues ſtay behind:

Both

Both Faith and Hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral vertues, at the dore remain;
Love only enters, as a native there,
For born in Heav'n, it do's but sojourn here.

He that alone, would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others Love, as well as he;
Love as he Lov'd, how can we soare so high?
He can add wings, when he commands to fly:
Nor should we be with this command dismay'd,
He that example gives, will give his aid;
For he took flesh, that where his Precepts faile,
His practice as a pattern may prevail;
His Love at once, and Dread instructs our thought,
As man he suffer'd, and as God he taught;
Will for the deed he takes, we may with ease
Obedient be, for if we Love, we please;
Weak thô we are, to Love is no hard task,
And Love for Love, is all that Heav'n do's ask:

Love

Love, that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves, and others, for his sake.
Tis with our minds, as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this Love, they must with Weeds abound;
Unruly Passions, whose effects are worse,
Than Thorns and Thistles springing from the curse.

CANTO IV.

TO Glory man, or misery is born,
Of his proud foe the Envy or the scorn;
Wretched he is, or happy in extreme,
Base in himself, but great in Heav'ns esteem;
With Love, of all created things, the best,
Without it more pernitious than the rest;
For greedy Wolves unguarded Sheep devoure
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'r;
Mans boundles Avarice his want exceeds,
And on his Neighbours, round about him, feeds;

His

His Pride, and vain Ambition are ſoe vaſt,
That deludge-like, they lay whole Nations waſt;
Debauches and Exceſs, thô with leſs noiſe,
As great a portion of Mankind deſtroys.
The beaſts and Monſters, Hercules oppreſt,
Might in that Age, ſome Provinces infeſt,
Theſe more deſtructive Monſters, are the bane
Of ev'ry Age and in all Nations reign;
But ſoon would vaniſh, if the World were bleſt
With Sacred Love, by which they are repreſt:
Impendent death, and guilt that threatens Hell,
Are dreadful Gueſts, which here with Mortals dwell,
And a vext Conſcience mingling with their Joy
Thoughts of deſpair, do's their whole life annoy;
But Love appearing, all thoſe Terrours fly,
We live contented, and contented dye;
They in whoſe breſt, this ſacred Love has place,
Death as a paſſage to their Joy imbrace.

Clouds

Clouds and thick vapours which obſcure the day,
The Suns Victorious beams may chaſe away;
Thoſe which our life corrupt, and darken, Love
The Nobler Star, muſt from the Soul remove;
Spots are obſerv'd in that which bounds the year,
This brighter Sun moves in a boundleſs Sphear;
Of Heav'n the Joy, the Glory, and the Light,
Shines among Angels, and admits no night:

CANTO V.

THis Iron Age, ſo fraudulent and bold, (Gold,
Toucht with this Love, would be an Age of
Not as they fain'd, that Oaks ſhould hony drop,
Or land neglected bear an unſowne Crop:
Love would make all things eaſy, ſafe, and cheap,
None for himſelf, would either ſowe, or reap:
Our ready help, and Mutual Love would yeild
A nobler Harveſt, than the richeſt Field;

Famine

Famine and Dearth, confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are, by barrenneſs of hearts;
Some pine for want, where others ſurfeit now,
But then we ſhould the uſe of plenty know;
Love would betwixt the rich and needy ſtand,
And ſpread Heav'ns bounty with an equal hand;
At once the givers, and receivers bleſs,
Encreaſe their Joy, and make their ſufferings leſs.
Who for himſelf no miracle would make,
Diſpenc'd with nature, for the peoples ſake;
He that long faſting would no wonder ſhow,
Made Loaves and Fiſhes, as they eat them, grow;
Of all his Power, which boundleſs was above,
Here he uſ'd none, but to expreſs his Love;
And ſuch a Love would make our Joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths, we feed.
Laws would be uſeleſs which rude nature awe,
Love changing nature, would prevent the Law;

Tygers,

Tygers, and Lyons, into Denns we thruſt,
But milder Creatures with their freedom truſt:
Divels are Chain'd, and tremble, but the ſpouſe
No force but Love, nor bond, but bounty, knows:
Men, whom we now, ſo fierce and daing'rous ſee,
Would Guardian Angels to each other be;
Such wonders can this mighty Love perform,
Vultures to Doves, Wolves into Lambs transform.

Love, what *Iſaiah* prophecy'd, can do,
Exalt the Valleys, lay the Mountains lowe;
Humble the Lofty, the dejected raiſe,
Smooth, and make ſtrait, our rough and crooked (ways.

Love, ſtrong as death, and like it, levels all,
With that poſſeſt, the great in Title fall;
Themſelves eſteem, but equal to the leaſt,
Whom Heav'n with that high Character has bleſt.

This Love, the Center of our union, can
A lone beſtow compleat repoſe on man;

Tame

Tame his wild Appetite, make inward peace,
And forrein ſtrife among the Nations, ceaſe;
No Martial Trumpet ſhould diſturbe our reſt,
Nor Princes arm, thô to ſubdue the Eaſt;
Where for the Tombe, ſo many Hero's, taught
By thoſe that guided their Devotion, faught;
Thrice Happy we, could we like Ardor have
To gain his Love, as they to win his Grave!
Love as he Lov'd, a Love ſo unconfin'd,
With arms extended would embrace Mankind,
Self Love would ceaſe, or be dilated, when
We ſhould behold, as many ſelfs, as men,
All of one family; in blood ally'd,
His precious blood, that for our ranſome dy'd:

CANTO VI.

THô the Creation, ſo divinely taught,
Prints ſuch a lively Image in our thought,
That

That the first spark, of new Created light
From *Chaos* struck, affects our present sight:
Yet the first Christians did Esteem more blest
The day of riseing, than the day of rest;
That ev'ry week, might new occasion give,
To make his Triumph in their memory live.
Then let our Muse compose a sacred Charm
To keep his blood, among us, ever warm;
And Singing, as the blessed do above,
With our last breath, dilate this flame of Love:
But on so vast a subject, who can find
Words that may reach th' Ideas of his mind?
Our Language fails, or if it could supply,
What Mortal Thought can raise it self so high?
Despairing here, we might abandon Art,
And only hope to have it in our heart;
But though we find this Sacred Task too hard,
Yet the Design, th'endeavour brings Reward;

The Contemplation does suspend our Woe,
And makes a Truce with all the Ills we know.
As *Saul's* afflicted Spirit, from the sound
Of *David's* Harp, a present Solace found;
So on this Theame while we our Muse engage,
No Wounds are felt, of Fortune, or of Age:
On Divine Love to Meditate is Peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.
Amaz'd at once and comforted to find
A boundless Power so infinitely kind;
The Soul contending to that light to fly
From her dark Cell, we practice how to dye;
Imploying thus the Poets winged Art,
To reach this Love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy so compleat, so solid and severe,
Would leave no place for meaner Pleasures there;
Pale they would look, as Stars that must be gone,
When from the *East* the Rising Sun comes on.

Floriferis ut Apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Sic nos Scripturæ depascimur aurea dicta;
Aurea perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ,
Nam Divinus Amor, cum cæpit vociferari,
Diffugiunt Animi Terrores: ——————— Lucr:

Exul eram, requiesq; mihi non Fama petita est,
Mens intenta suis ne foret usq; malis.
Namq; ubi mota calent Sacrâ mea Pectora Musâ,
Altior humano Spiritus ille malo est.

De Trist:

ERRATA.

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